

Reminiscences
OF THE
Riel Rebellion
OF
... 1885 ...

As Told By
Old Timers

of
Prince Albert
and District
Who Witnessed
Those Stirring
Days

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Rebellion In Full Swing Fifty Years Ago Today

Reprinted from Prince Albert Daily Herald, March 19, 1935.

In conjunction with the series of interviews with those now living who were in this vicinity during the rebellion of 1885, a series of articles giving briefly in chronological order the main events of the rebellion will be published. Below is the first of the series. In this article the causes of the rebellion are dealt with. There is a discrepancy in dates in some instances. Some, for example, state that the store of Walters and Baker was looted on March 18, 1885, whereas F. C. Baker, of this city, Walters' partner at that time, declares the correct date is March 19. In all cases dates given by those now living who were here in those stirring days will be accepted as correct.

The rebellion of 1885 by the Metis and Indians against the authority of the Dominion of Canada virtually began with their raid upon the store of Messrs. Walters and Baker at Batoche upon the evening of March 19, fifty years ago, tonight.

It ended with the capture at the same place of the rebel leader, Louis Riel by General Middleton's forces on Tuesday, May 13.

These sentences apply only to the Metis insurrection proper, as it was some time before the Indian insurgents were subdued.

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Who Were Responsible

Who was directly responsible for the uprising of the Metis and Indians? Riel, who paid the supreme penalty in Regina for having fomented the rebellion.

Who was indirectly responsible? All, who by withholding their just right from the Metis and treating their applications for justice with contempt, afforded to Riel the material with which to work upon the

excitable natures and ignorant prejudices of the Metis and Indians.

Agitation Began in 1878

Because of the sparse settlement in the North West Territories of which Saskatchewan and Alberta were a part in 1885, similar difficulties as were encountered in Manitoba in 1870 with the Metis did not crop up until 1878. It was then that a formal agitation among Metis in the North West Territories began.

The causes of the two rebellions were similar.

As had been the case in Manitoba, no provision had been made for recognizing the rights of Metis to lands on which they had squatted. These rights had been recognized in Manitoba after the rebellion of 1870, but the Dominion government turned deaf ears to petitions from the North West Territories for similar treatment for Metis beyond the borders of Manitoba. Greedy promoters were reaching out for lands. One grant to promoters included the Metis settlements of Gabriel's Crossing, Batoche and St. Laurent, with no provision for protecting the rights of Metis who had squatted on this tract.

Played Into Riel's Hands

Uneasiness as to the methods to be employed in surveying the lands contributed to the causes of the rebellion. The Metis method of marking off their lands was to provide for long narrow strips running down to rivers, upon which the early settlements sprang up. It was feared the square section survey would be adopted.

The neglect of the Dominion government to heed protests from the Metis by taking action to remove the causes of the grievances, played the Metis into the hands of Riel.

The disappearance of the buffalo with the coming of the white settlers robbed the Metis of their principal means of

a livelihood and played a large part in contributing to the agitation and unrest.

* * *

Petition Sent To Government

Early in 1878 a petition was presented from Prince Albert to the government. It was the first formal indication of the growing unrest. It urged the claims of the Metis of the North West to similar treatment to that accorded the Metis of Manitoba. It asked that with that end in view a census of the population should be taken.

This petition was ignored.

The Metis had begun to hold meetings to discuss their grievances.

The St. Laurent Metis met shortly after this petition was forwarded. Gabriel Dumont, later Riel's lieutenant, was one of those present.

* * *

Government Petitioned Again

In March, 1878, French Canadians and Metis of St. Laurent petitioned the government on various subjects, asking on behalf of the Metis the right to scrip and land.

Later, the North West Council sent a memorial to the Dominion government favoring the grant of a non-transferable title to 160 acres of land, subject to forfeit if not improved in a fixed time, and also a grant of seeds and implements for three seasons to aid Metis in farming.

As a result of this memorial, the deputy minister of the department of interior recommended that neither scrip nor absolute possession of the land should be given, because of the Metis' dependence upon the buffalo, but that they should be induced to settle on lands and should be assisted in learning agriculture, and that schools should be established among them.

The matter was looked into. Archbishop Tache of the Roman Catholic church was consulted. He suggested a scheme similar to that proposed by the deputy minister, and urged that the whole matter be speedily settled.

On January 18, 1879, Bishop McLean of the Anglican church wrote from Prince Albert pointing out the danger arising from the Indians, and expressing the opinion that as the Indians were largely guided by the Metis it was highly important for the government to obtain the moral support of the Metis.

Government Does Nothing

During the session of 1879 the government took unlimited power to deal with the situation, but did nothing.

From that time on there was a constant stream of petitions sent to Ottawa on behalf of the Metis. They went forward from meetings, from the North West Council, from private citizens, and from priests. In the summer of 1884, Louis Riel, who had led the rebellion of 1870, came to the North West Territories on the invitation of the Metis.

Major Crozier, in charge of R.N.W.M.P. in this area, sent warnings to Ottawa of the trouble that was brewing. Colonel Sproat sent similar warnings from Prince Albert. He was the Dominion land agent here.

* * *

FIRST ACTION TAKEN

The first action by the government was taken in January, 1885.

On that date the government decided to take a census of the North West Territories, but in the meantime forces were at work which culminated a few months later in the outbreak of the rebellion.

* * *

Bill of Rights Prepared

In the summer of 1884 Gabriel Dumont, James Izbister, Moise Ouelette and M. Dumas visited Riel in Montana, seeking his aid, and he arrived in July, addressing meetings throughout the area settled by Metis until September when a "Bill of Rights" was prepared under his guidance and forwarded to Ottawa.

It contained the following seven provisions:

"First: The subdivision into provinces of the North West Territories.

"Second: The Halfbreeds to receive the same grants and other advantages as the Manitoba Halfbreeds.

"Third: Patents to be issued at once to the colonists in possession.

"Fourth: The sale of half a million acres of Dominion lands, the proceeds to be applied to the establishment in the Halfbreed settlement of schools, hospitals and such like institutions, and to the equipment of the poorer Halfbreeds with seed, grain and implements.

"Fifth: The reservation of a hundred townships of swamp land for distribution among the children of Halfbreeds during 120 years.

"Sixth: A grant of at least \$1,000 for the maintenance of an institu-

tion to be conducted by the nuns in each Halfbreed settlement.

"Seventh: Better provision for the support of the Indians."

The government did not even reply to this petition.

Provisional Government Set Up

It was not until March 3, 1885, that Riel gave indication of his intention to advocate resort to arms. On that day he told his followers to bring their arms.

At a meeting on March 17 he announced the establishment of a provisional government, declaring his intention to rule or perish.

In commenting upon the resort to arms, an anonymous writer who contributed to a newspaper published locally at the time of the rebellion, wrote:

"It is very doubtful whether more than, comparatively speaking, a very few of the halfbreeds at St. Laurent really foresaw or seriously intended to take part in armed resistance to the government. The idea seems to have prevailed among the majority that the government must accede to their demands if only sufficiently threatened by constitutional agitation, and having Riel held up before their eyes, nor can it be said that they were guilty of any grave error in this estimate of the situation. However, in bringing Riel into prominence, they had used a force beyond their control, and any amicable settlement made between them and the government without the intervention of a sufficiently large bribe to that villain formed no part of his program. That in spite of his desires the government would find a solution of the difficulty and yet ignore him in the matter he began to seriously fear, so, knowing the character of his dupes, he appealed to their generosity and sense of honor, pretending lively fear of being immediately arrested by the North West Mounted Police, and passionately imploring them to

rally in defence of the man who had, at their invitation, and in their interests alone, incurred the enmity of the Dominion government by coming among them to labor for their rights. This not having altogether the desired effect, the miserable charlatan began to work upon another of their peculiarities, and suddenly broke out, no doubt having taken his cue from the Mahdi of the Soudan—as a full blown prophet, seeing visions and dreaming dreams—the grotesque absurdity of which almost tempts a digression in order to show the extent to which the credulity of the poor ignorant Metis can be practised upon."

Unfortunate Remark

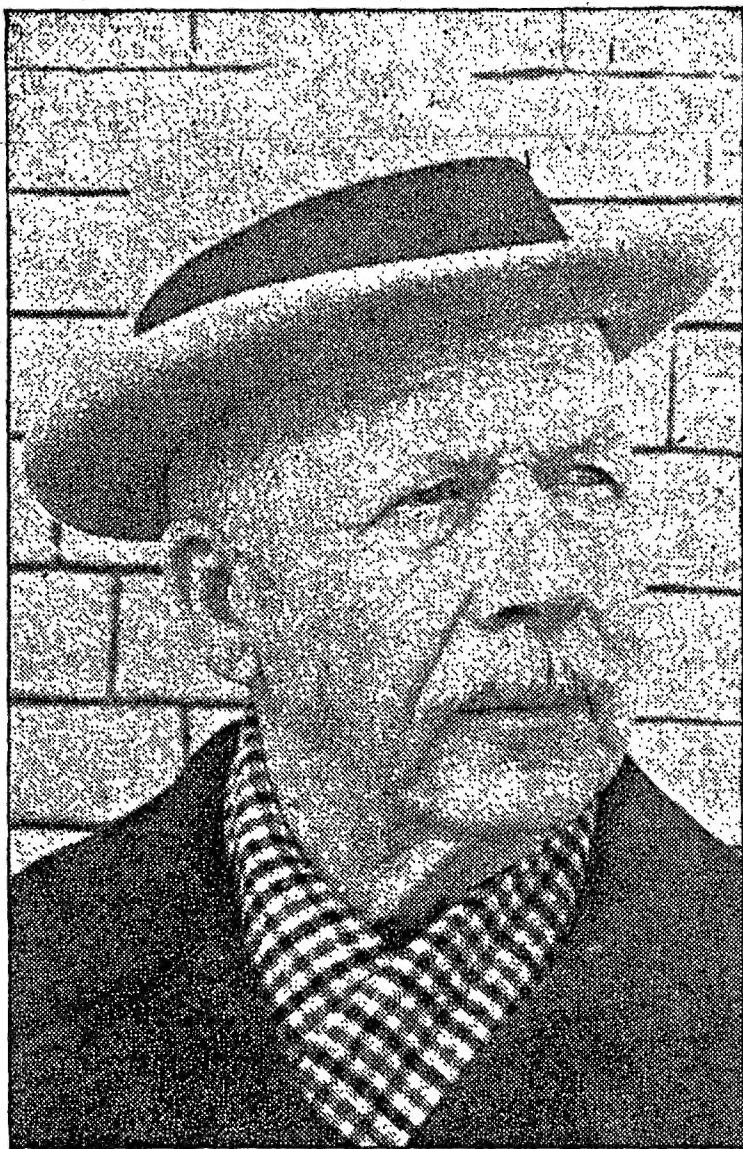
Shortly before the outbreak of open rebellion, the unfortunate remark of a certain individual residing in Prince Albert gave Riel splendid material for working his followers into sufficient of a frenzy for rebelling. This person, on his way home to Prince Albert from Ottawa, remarked that the government would answer the Metis' petitions with bullets. He said he had passed a large body of policemen on their way to arrest the ringleaders of the agitation.

Before March 17, when Riel at a meeting announced the setting up of a provisional government, runners had been sent to the Indians asking them to join the movement and when Riel stood before the meeting on that date, the members of the provisional government had already been named at a secret meeting on March 12.

On March 18, one of the first shows of force was made when Riel's followers looted the store of Walters and Baker. F. C. Baker, of this city, Walters' partner, was in Prince Albert, but Walters and his clerk were taken prisoners.

Telegraph wires were cut; white settlers and officials taken prisoner. The rebellion was in full swing.

Reprinted from Prince Albert Daily Herald, March 19, 1935.



F. C. BAKER

**Was Part Owner Of Batoche Store Looted By Riel's
Forces Half Century Ago**

F. C. Baker Recalls Rebellion Experiences of 50 Years Ago

Reprinted from Prince Albert Daily Herald, March 19, 1935.

Fifty years ago tonight the looting of the Walters and Baker store at Batoche on the South Saskatchewan River marked the start of the North West Rebellion of 1885, which spread terror, death and destruction through the thinly populated regions along the Saskatchewan in that bitterly cold March.

F. C. Baker, who celebrated his 77th birthday recently, was one of the pioneers who volunteered for service with the government forces and he has related the story of the capture of his partner after their store supplies were seized by rebels and later events with which he was familiar. Prince Albert was then a town with a population of about 700.

In September, 1882, Mr. Baker, who was in a partnership with the late Harry Walters, came from Winnipeg and established a store at Batoche, remaining there until December when he continued on to Prince Albert and began business here. Mr. Walters came out in the spring of 1883 and the Batoche store was re-opened and business was done until looted.

Mr. Baker was in Prince Albert, his partner at Batoche when insurrection flamed under Louis Riel and his lieutenants at the settlement on the South Saskatchewan. Supplies in the store were seized and Walters and a clerk, J. D. Hanofin, were made prisoners and taken to the church with others.

However, no harm came to them and they were released at Riel's command upon the condition that they proceed to Prince Albert. Maybe it was that the insurgents feared that if they went direct to Carlton, then an important North West Mounted Police post, they might give the authorities some information of more or less value.

When news of the rising was received, great excitement was caused in Prince Albert. Mr. Baker did not recall who brought first word. It might have been Louis Marion, who at first had been forced to side with Riel and his crowd to protect his life. Marion escaped and drove to Prince Albert and afterwards served with the loyal forces.

Official news came through with Gentleman Joe McKay, who was in the saddle all night to bring word

from Major Crozier of the Mounted Police to Captain Moffatt of the N. W. M. P. here requesting an armed force of 80 civilians.

Volunteers Gather

A mass meeting of citizens was addressed by loyal speakers and eighty men were enrolled March 20. The first "contingent" immediately set out for Fort Carlton. Mr. Baker was in charge of their Prince Albert store at the moment and could not enlist because his partner had not arrived in the town until about March 22 from Batoche.

Forces to put down the uprising were being strengthened. In the meantime Colonel Irvine of the Mounted Police was leading a force of police across the prairies, through deep snows and bitter weather. They travelled with horses, jumpers and sleighs. The party crossed the South Saskatchewan near where the Binden ferry is today and advanced to Prince Albert.

More volunteers came forward when Irvine reached here and a whole night was spent preparing to march on to Carlton. It was then that Mr. Baker enlisted as a private. It was a thrilling sight as the little column moved off the next day in sleighs. Men, cold and chilled, would run along the road for a way and then jump back on the sleighs.

Volunteers in the North West Rebellion received no pay but in recognition of their services they were given money or land script a year or two afterwards. They had no uniforms and supplied their own

firearms.

It was March 26 and the entire day was required to reach Carlton, the reinforcements from Prince Albert being about 110 strong, 80 police and 30 volunteers. On their arrival, the police were just getting back from the Duck Lake fight where three policemen and nine civilians had been slain after an unsuccessful attempt to arrest Riel and some of the rebels.

Bodies of the Mounted Policemen had been placed on sleighs and brought back when Crozier retreated from Duck Lake with his men. Dead civilians had been left where they fell; survivors had not the opportunity under rebel fire to recover them. That was done the following day.

There were few people at Carlton besides police and volunteers. A guard was placed at the fort and the officers met in a council and decided to go back to Prince Albert as soon as possible to protect citizens and settlers who had been warned to gather here.

Carlton was left at 3 a. m. on March 27 and the force arrived here at 5 p. m. in the evening.

Excitement reigned that night. Around 7 p. m. a scout galloped in with a report that a rebel force was marching on the town.

A pre-arranged signal, the ringing of the bell in the Presbyterian Church, warned all who heard to assemble as quickly as possible in the rude stockade. Men, women and children flocked to safety on foot, horseback and in sleighs. There was a great commotion in the church where women and children were placed.

The church and manse were surrounded by a good-sized stockade of piled cordwood about eight feet high. The manse stands today on the south side of the Avenue Hotel at the west corner and the church was due east of it, a one-storey brick structure located right in the middle of what is now Central Avenue. Lucy Baker's home, southwest of the manse and now used as a taxi stand, was outside the barricade.

Those in command noticed the old rink which stood at that day about where the Baker Block is located on Tenth Street West. It was used for skating and curling and had a high board fence. This was ordered knocked down and a number of men went out with

hammers and axes.

The pounding on the boards as the fence was being torn down sounded like rifle shots. In the church the excitement became intense. There were screams and faintings. Women clutched their children to them.

It was at that moment that an only shot was fired here — and accidentally at that. A man inside the church with a loaded gun was so nervous that it accidentally went off and the bullet went up through the shingles. Peace was restored, and the people huddled in the fort over night, nearly all returning to their homes the next day. Food and supplies had been gathered into the stockade in the event of a siege.

It was learned that the report of a rebel advance was groundless, the scout apparently having mistaken a few cattle moving towards home for the insurgents.

A guard was maintained in Prince Albert but no further excitement was occasioned near the town. Mr. Baker was advanced during the course of the rebellion to the rank of color sergeant and he was stationed here throughout the uprising.

Actually there was no attack or threat of a real attack on Prince Albert. Mr. Baker remained with the volunteers until they were disbanded.

Besides these interesting sidelights, the former volunteer described an incident which occurred at the decisive Battle of Batoche when the rebellion was crushed. The Baker and Walters store was on the north bank of the river. In the battle it was shelled by government troops, field pieces being located about two miles away.

Some of the rebels had taken cover in the store but they quickly sought another refuge when shells started to crash through the building. In an upstairs room there was a deaf insurgent busy cooking on a stove. Naturally he didn't hear the heavy firing and did not leave with his companions. It was not until a shell came through and blew the stove to pieces that he realized his position and then "lit out." A piece of one shell was found in the store after the battle by Mr. Baker who turned this interesting reminder of the fight over to the Historical Society's museum.

MUTE WITNESSES OF REBELLION

Reprinted from Prince Albert Daily Herald, March 21, 1985.

These two buildings, mute witnesses of North West Rebellion events in Prince Albert 50 years' ago, have been standing here for more than half a century.

Below is shown the former Presbyterian manse standing on Eleventh Street and

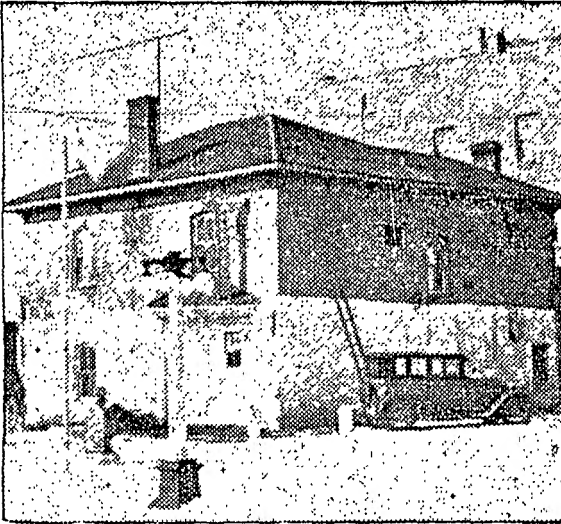
Avenue A and the old home of Lucy Baker, who devoted herself untiringly to missionary work amongst the Indians.

When the uprising broke out at Batoche on March 19, 1885, there was great excitement here. An eight-foot stockade of piled cordwood was erected about the manse and the church which stood in the middle of what is now Central Avenue due east of the manse.

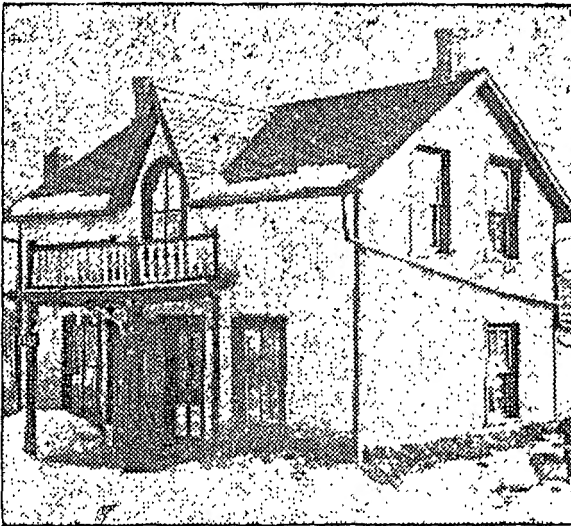
Lucy Baker's home, which is across the street southwest from the manse, was outside the stockade.

The night of March 27, when a rider came in from The Ridge with a report the rebels were coming, townspeople and settlers were gathered into the fort, the women and children being herded into the church and manse. The place was under arms that night but the reported attack was groundless.

Today part of the lower floor of the manse is used for garage purposes while there are living quarters upstairs. Lucy Baker's home serves as a taxi stand and living quarters.



The Old Presbyterian Manse,
Prince Albert, Sask.



Lucy Baker Home,
Prince Albert, Sask.

Indian Uprising Not General in 1885 Rebellion

Reprinted from Prince Albert Daily Herald, March 21, 1935.

This article, the second of the series on the Riel rebellion being published in *The Herald* in conjunction with interviews with survivors of those stirring days, deals with the Indian phase of the rebellion.

Fortunately for the white settlers of the North West Territories, the rebellion of 1885 was not accompanied by a general Indian uprising.

The Dominion government, which had ignored the Metis pleas for redress of their grievances, had nevertheless already moved to solve the Indian problem.

Treaties had been signed, Indian tribes placed on reserves, livestock provided, rations furnished the destitute and aged, annuities provided for, schools established, and officials placed in charge of the reserves.

Southern Indians were apparently satisfied with arrangements made to provide for them. They declined to partake in an Indian uprising, when Riel extended an invitation to them.

Chief Troublemaker

Big Bear, Cree Indian chief, was one of the northern Indian chiefs with whom the government had trouble. It was not until 1884 that he signed a treaty agreeing to settle with his band on a reserve, but even after the treaty was signed, he declined to forsake the roving existence for the comparatively uneventful life on a reserve.

He almost precipitated a crisis in the summer of 1884, when he and his Indians were visiting on Poundmaker's reserve in the Battleford district.

Only the heroic action of William Mackay, in charge of the Battleford store of the Hudson's Bay Company, averted bloodshed. Big Bear's Indians created a disturbance on the visit, and shortly after when Major Crozier and a large body of police were looking into the matter, the Indians' attitude

was menacing when they faced police. Mackay coolly walked between the lines, and the Indians, out of respect for Mackay, refrained from shooting.

Change to the white man's diet, necessary with the disappearance of the buffalo, and the too sudden transition to living conditions foreign to their nature, contributed to the restlessness of the northern Indians.

Not So Tactical

White men in charge of the northern reserves did not prove as able as those on the southern ones. And the government was too niggardly in providing food for the northern Indians.

In 1880 several head of oxen for farming and several cattle for breeding purposes were sent to Chief Beardy's reserve at Duck Lake.

The buffalo were very rapidly disappearing and about the only bunch seen that year was near Johnston Lake in the south of the province, the Metis making a big kill for meat.

H. E. Ross, former N.W.M.P. constable, who was later intimately connected with the affair, declared that Chief Beardy thought the oxen and cattle were a gift from the Queen because of the buffalo shortage. So his tribesmen slaughtered all the stock and a great barbecue was staged.

Mr. Ross and the late S. J. Donaldson were two constables in the party of six policemen who went with an interpreter to arrest the leaders for killing cattle. Police arrived at the reserve while there was a council of the band in progress. This council was being held at the precise spot where the first shot in the rebellion of 1885 was fired.

Striking suddenly, the arm of the law gave no chance for resistance and three chiefs were apprehended before the Indians could make a move to obstruct the police who rushed in. Beardy, Cut

Nose and One Arrow along with a councillor were those placed under arrest.

Cut Nose was so named because he had at one time exhibited his bravery by cutting off the tip of his nose with a knife.

Police and prisoners returned to Prince Albert, a room in the old mission house serving for a guard room. In the fall they were taken back to Duck Lake for trial before Judge Richardson, stipendary magistrate. Beardy received suspended sentence and a severe reprimand. It was humiliating to him and later he was one of the few chiefs who joined forces with Riel in the rebellion.

Indians — hungry and ill clad — who had crowded the courtroom for Beardy's trial, waited outside the building after court proceedings were over and as Mr. Rae, the Indian agent, was leaving, they implored him to provide food and clothing. This individual paid not the slightest heed, but sent his horses trotting through the groups, scattering the Indians to the left and right.

Another Indian chief who was angered was Chacastaposin (Shadow On The Water). However, he did not actively join the revolt though some of his men may have done so.

Chacastaposin's reserve was near Halcro. He had a grievance that dated back to the government's failure to punish white settlers of the Halcro district who stole timber from an island in the Saskatchewan River which was on the Indian reserve. The thefts were investigated, and the settlers brought before a magistrate in Prince Albert for trial, but through an error in bringing civil instead of criminal action against them, they escaped punishment. The Indians, not interested in the intricacies of the law, resented the escape from punishment of the settlers. They had understood from the terms of the treaty that everything on the reserve belonged to them.

Another tactless act of Indian Agent Rae aroused Indians on the Sturgeon Lake reserve. By the terms of the treaty under which they had surrendered all their claims to the territory, every man, woman and child was to receive \$5 per head, each councillor of a tribe \$15 and each chief \$25 per year. In 1882 Rae paid the treaty money to the Hudson's Bay Company to be affixed to their accounts.

Beardy's warriors from Duck Lake and One Arrow's from the Batoche reserve were chief among the Indians from this territory who joined the rebels. However, Indian participation in the rebellion around this area was confined largely to the killing of cattle on the Duck Lake and Batoche reserves. From the beginning of the revolt in March until May it was one long round of feasting on beef for the natives.

Other reserves near Prince Albert at that time were the John Smith reserve, the Fort a la Corne, Sturgeon Lake and Mistawasis. Probably a few Indians from these reserves joined their brothers at Batoche and Duck Lake in cattle killing episodes. The chiefs remained on their reserves, loyal and passive.

The Indian rising at Battleford, where the old town was looted while police and settlers were safe in an impregnable stockade, and at Frog Lake, where several whites were massacred by Big Bear's band, were the most serious.

A strong force of Poundmaker's men plundered Battleford stores on March 30. The Frog Lake killings occurred on Good Friday, April 1. Seven Mounted Police under Inspector A. J. Dickens, son of the novelist, Charles Dickens, left for Fort Pitt the night before. It was believed that the Indians, irritated by the presence of the police, would not harm Indian agency officials and a trader or their wives. Few of the whites lived to see the rise of the Easter sun.

Irvine's Timely Arrival Saves Prince Albert From Being Looted

Reprinted from Prince Albert Daily Herald, March 25, 1885.

Great was the rejoicing in the tiny settlement of Prince Albert fifty years ago last night.

On the evening of March 24, 1885, Colonel Irvine, Regina, commissioner of the North West Mounted Police, arrived with a force of 90 men after a forced march across the snow-blanketed Saskatchewan prairies which will go down in history as one of the most brilliant exploits of the famous force.

It was realized that Prince Albert's position was particularly vulnerable. It was in the heart of the Metis area, and its stores, it was feared, would tempt the rebels to loot the village.

A reasonable assumption is that this would have happened but for the timely arrival of reinforcements under Colonel Irvine.

WIRES FOR AID

Major Crozier, in charge of the police in this division, sent the following wire to Colonel Irvine on March 13:

"Halfbreed rebellion liable to break out at any moment. Troops must be largely reinforced. If half-breeds rise, Indians will join them."

Irvine, who had been closely in touch with the situation and who had previously strengthened the northern detachments, required no other evidence of the growing seriousness of the trouble. He immediately wired Ottawa recommending more men be sent North immediately, and the next day received authorization to proceed North with four officers and 85 N.C.O.'s and men.

Only those who have bucked deep snow drifts in bitterly cold weather can conceive of the hardships successfully overcome on the march of 291 miles, which was completed in seven days with an average of 42 miles of travelling a day. The crusted snow kept cutting the legs of the horses, which added to the difficulties.

The journey across the wind-swept plains of Saskatchewan, almost totally devoid of habitations, commenced on the morning of March 18, the day preceding the looting of the Walters and Baker

This is a third of a series of articles on the rebellion of 1885 being published in conjunction with interviews with those who were here or in this vicinity during the rebellion. The first dealt with the causes of the rebellion, and events up to the looting of the Walters and Baker store at Batoche on March 19, 1885.

The second was a digression to deal with the Indian uprising which coincided with the Metis revolt. The third, published today, concerns the march of Colonel Irvine of the N. W. M. P. from Regina to Prince Albert, this march having commenced the day preceding the looting of the Batoche store. The fourth, which will be published tomorrow, will deal with events up to and including the battle of Duck Lake, fought on March 26, 1885.

store at Batoche.

The following is Colonel Irvine's official report of the march:

RIVERS FROZEN

"The start was made from Regina barracks at 6 a. m. I proceed-

ed as far as Pie-a-pot's reserve, 28 miles, and halted for dinner. I afterwards proceeded along the Qu'Appelle valley, and camped for the night at Misquopetong's place. All the rivers were at this time frozen solid, and no water could be obtained for the horses.

"The distance travelled during the day was 43 miles.

"On the 19th, reveille sounded at 3.30 a. m. Broke camp and left Misquopetong's place at 5 a. m., and drove into Fort Qu'Appelle, which I reached at 9.45 a. m. I was here busily employed for some time purchasing additional teams and sleighs required for transport.

"At 4 p. m. I left Fort Qu'Appelle, and travelled on towards O'Brien's, which is situated eight miles north of Qu'Appelle. I here camped for the night. The distance travelled during the day was 27 miles.

"On the 20th the reveille sounded at 3.30 a. m. Broke camp and started at 5 a. m.; proceeded to 'Houses' and camped for dinner. Afterwards I made Touchwood Hills, and camped for the night about a mile from the Hudson's Bay Company post. Distance travelled during the day, 40 miles.

"On the 21st, reveille sounded at 3.30 a. m.; broke camp and started at 5.30 a. m., travelling through the Touchwood Hills; camped for dinner a short distance from the Great Salt Plain, and camped for the night near mail station.

"It was at this point I received the following communication:

"Carlton, March 19, 1885.

"Sir:

"I have the honor to inform you the halfbreeds seized the stores at South Branch today.

"Mr. Lash, Indian agent; Walters, merchant, two telegraph operators, and Mr. Mitchell of Duck Lake, are prisoners.

"Beardy's Indians joined the rebels this afternoon. The wire is cut. The rebels are assembled on the south side of the river. Prisoners are held in Roman Catholic church about a quarter of a mile upstream from crossing. All One Arrow's band of Crees joined them this afternoon. The remainder of Beardy's will probably follow tomorrow.

"The number of rebels is estimated at from two to four

hundred men. They will rapidly increase in numbers.

"My impression that many of the Indian bands will rise. The plan at present is to seize any troops coming into the country at the South Branch, then march on to Carlton, then to Prince Albert. The instructor led One Arrow's band. He is a halfbreed.

"L. N. F. CROZIER."

"The distance travelled during the day was 40 miles.

"On the 22nd broke camp at 5 a. m., and proceeded across Salt Plain. The weather was bitterly cold. One man had his feet badly frozen.

Reach Humboldt

"Halted for dinner after having crossed Salt Plain. In the afternoon reached Humboldt, and camped there. Mr. Hayter Reed, assistant Indian commissioner, joined me here, and remained with me throughout. Distance travelled, 43 miles.

"It was at this point I ascertained that some 400 halfbreeds had congregated at Batoche for the express purpose of preventing my command joining Superintendent Crozier.

"I here sent the following telegram to the comptroller:

"I arrived here 4.30 this afternoon. Camp tonight at stage station, six miles further on. About 400 halfbreeds and Indians at South Branch 'Batoche's' prepared to stop me crossing river. Have decided to go to Carlton by direct trail, east of 'Batoche's' via Prince Albert. Expect to reach Carlton 25th."

"On the 23rd broke camp at 5.30 a. m.; weather still continued bitterly cold. Soon after starting I received intelligence of a mail station at Hoodoo having been sacked by a party of rebels. On reaching Hoodoo I found that the intelligence received was perfectly true. All provisions and grain stored there had been carried off by the rebels, who had also taken the stage driver prisoner, and carried off the stage horses.

"I subsequently overtook a freighter loaded with oats. The oats the rebels had ordered to carry on to Batoche. The train containing these oats I ordered to move on with us, which was done at as rapid

a rate as the freighter was able to travel.

Metis Disappointed

"On the 24th, broke camp at 6 a.m., and travelled along the trail leading to Batoche, a distance of six or seven miles. I then left the trail, and proceeded in a north-easterly direction toward's Agnew's Crossing on the South Saskatchewan, which point I reached about 2 p. m. Having crossed the river I halted for dinner.

"Before making the start for Prince Albert, news was received to the effect that the halfbreeds were bitterly disappointed and furiously enraged at my having succeeded in crossing the river, and in so doing completely outflanking and outmanoeuvring them.

"I reached Prince Albert at 8 p. m."

"As on reaching Prince Albert I and my command were within what seemed, comparatively speaking, a stone's throw of Fort Carlton, I may be permitted to call your attention to the very rapid and successful march made. The distance travelled was 291 miles, and this in seven days, the average daily travel thus being 42 miles. The hardships experienced on such a march can only be understood, and the nature of such service thoroughly appreciated by those who have resided in the northern portion of the Territories, and so become familiar with the severity of the North West winter.

"It must be remembered that my little command — 90 men all told — had, in reaching Prince Albert, gone right through a section of the country then in possession of the rebels."

Duck Lake Battle Fought 50 Years Ago Today

*Reprinted from Prince Albert Daily Herald,
March 26, 1935.*



"Gentleman Joe" McKay
and the pistol with which he
"fired the first shot" in the
battle of Duck Lake 50 years
ago today.

THE man who "fired the first shot" in the Duck Lake battle, fought a few miles south of here 50 years ago today, is living today in Prince Albert.

"Gentleman Joe" McKay, special constable of the N.W.M.P. at the time, is the man who was the centre of the dramatic scene which immediately preceded the outbreak of the first open hostilities between the rebels and loyalists half a century ago.

He has been accused of "irresponsibility" and of "carelessness" for allegedly precipitating the armed conflict.

In reply to his accusers, "Gentleman Joe" declares he shot only after he had been ordered to do so by his commander, Major Crozier, of the N.W.M.P.

Mr. McKay is a familiar figure in Prince Albert and vicinity. Until recently he

was frequently seen astride his favorite saddle horse, but of late years, because of his age, he has had to be content with driving in a rig. Mr. McKay will be 79 years of age on July 14.

In January, 1885, a few months before the outbreak of the rebellion, McKay joined the police, his knowledge of the languages spoken by the Metis and Indians making him particularly valuable to the police.

But his duties were not confined to interpreting. He acted as scout, and it was "Gentleman Joe" who rode from Fort Carlton through the night of March 19 and early morning of March 20 to Prince Albert with Major Crozier's request for volunteers for his gallant force of policemen quartered in the old Hudson's Bay stockade, 60 miles west of Prince Albert on the North Saskatchewan river.

STIR CREATED

He remembers the stir created when Riel was brought to Canada in the summer of 1884. He attended a number of Riel's meetings, and made particular note of the fact that it was not until a few weeks before the outbreak of hostilities that the Metis leader advocated other than constitutional means be employed to obtain redress of grievances.

During the days preceding the Duck Lake fight, "Gentleman Joe" spent most of the time in the saddle. He was called upon to visit Duck Lake and Batoche at this critical time to obtain information as to the movements and strength of the growing rebel forces.

There was no time in those days for eight hours sleep every night.

"I was fortunate on many occasions to snatch an hour or two after hours of riding before I had to go out again," comments "Gentleman Joe" in discussing those days half a century ago.

Were Unpleasant Days

"Those were unpleasant days. I had the feeling all the time that I was being spied upon. Indian friends warned me that I should return to Carlton if I valued my life.

"Whenever I met a group of Riel's men, I was surveyed with distrust and suspicion. More than once I heard the reports of guns, but I do not believe they were aimed at me, but merely fired to intimidate me.

"Gentleman Joe" McKay vividly remembers his all night ride from Fort Carlton to Prince Albert to

summon aid for Major Crozier's force.

On March 26, he set out with the force of police and volunteers for Duck Lake.

"Scouts, who were riding a short distance ahead," he recounts in describing his experiences, "came galloping back as we neared Duck Lake. They brought news that in a saucer-like depression beyond there was a large force of rebels.

Race For Small Cabin

"Just as they were giving this information, we noted that a number of rebels raced for a small cabin nearby which offered shelter, but at the same time gave them an unobstructed view of the government forces. It was their deadly fire which was later contributed to the heavy toll taken of our men.

"Sergeant Brooks and I ordered to accompany him, Major Crozier walked to the edge of the depression and I was told to signal two Indians that were advancing toward us to the effect we wanted to parley with them.

Grapples For Rifle

"As I was trying to tell the Indians we wanted to talk with them, one of them commenced to grapple with me for possession of my rifle.

"The other Indian, pulling away, dropped to his knee, covering me with his gun. I couldn't make headway in an attempt to parley with them. Then Major Crozier sent Brooks back with orders for the police and volunteers to prepare as it looked as if trouble was in the offing.

"When it appeared that the Indians wouldn't parley, Major Crozier turned, as if to return to his men, and the Indian who had been grappling with me, caught Crozier by the shoulder.

"The policeman continued on toward his force, which had taken what cover was available behind the sleighs.

"The Indian, who had been grappling with me for possession of my rifle, renewed his attempts.

"All this happened in much shorter time than it requires to tell it. There I was, in full view of the rebels, grappling with one Indian, and covered by the other, but I kept one Indian between me and the other

one.

When Major Crozier ordered us to fire, I whipped out my pistol, shooting the Indian who had been covering me, and then the other one, and the battle had started. The shots I fired were the first in the rebellion to inflict wounds."

Served For Years in Police

For years after the rebellion, McKay served in the police force. He was one of those present at the last stand of Almighty Voice, renegade Indian. He was employed at

the penitentiary for a time, and later was commissioned by the police for special investigation amongst Indians of Alberta after the discovery of human remains brought them under suspicion of murder.

Mr. McKay now lives on the outskirts of Prince Albert.

Born in Headingly, Manitoba, he lived with his family for years in the Portage la Prairie area before coming to Prince Albert. His forebears on the paternal side came from the McKay clan in Scotland, his father having been born in the Lake Superior region.

The Duck Lake Fight

Reprinted from Prince Albert Daily Herald, March 28, 1935.

WENDING over the rolling country between Fort Carlton and Duck Lake on that ill-fated March 26, 1885, the cavalcade of approximately 20 sleighs carrying about 100 members of the N. W. M. Police and Prince Albert volunteers had more the nature of a picnic excursion than a military expedition, according to John M. Paul, 73-year-old veteran of the Battle of Duck Lake.

Despite warnings by those in the party who had been in close contact with the Metis and Indians previous to initial threats of rebellion, the majority of the leaders remained unmindful of the dangers of serious or fatal outbreaks.

It was granted that the followers of the fiery Louis Riel would loot farms and other property if the barest opportunity was presented and certainly this opinion had been justified at Batoche only a few days before when supplies had been stolen from the store of Walters and Baker. But the idea that the Metis and Indians would rise in pitched battle against the forces of the government was scorned.

As a scout on the alert for an advance of the Riel forces, Mr. Paul had returned to Fort Carlton for a brief rest just before the sleighs were assembled for the 15-mile trip to Duck Lake, ostensibly to obtain fodder supplies. If the facts were known, Mr. Paul said recently, they were simply "bulldozing" around the country.



J. M. PAUL

TOOK PART IN BATTLE

Seated in his small but comfortable home at Macdowall, where he has resided for a number of years, Mr. Paul gave his version of the Duck Lake fight which rocked the opinions of those who looked upon the Metis as a spineless group

and at the same time neglected to recognize the impelling influence of Louis Riel.

With the two scouts in the van hardly far enough ahead to prove of assistance should enemy appear, the loyalists had advanced within three miles of Duck Lake

before there was sign of opposition. Then, as discovered when too late, they drove fairly and squarely into a prepared ambush.

Major Crozier and "Gentleman Joe" McKay, acting as a special constable and interpreter, advanced to parley with an aged Cree, Chief Falling Sand, and two Indian councillors.

So rapid was the ensuing action, Mr. Paul declared, that he refused to commit himself when questioned regarding the initial shooting, the first of the Rebellion.

Revolver Explodes

He was certain, however, that one of the Indians had attempted to wrest away McKay's gun. During the struggle and while McKay was trying to shield himself from the other counsellor, McKay's revolver had exploded. The Indian who had attacked him dropped to the ground.

A hail of bullets from the rifles of the Metis and Major Crozier's order to fire came almost simultaneously with the first shot, Mr. Paul related. Hurriedly, the loyalists retreated to the scant cover of their wooden sleighs only to find they were hemmed in on three sides.

For 45 minutes the battle raged, the police and volunteers striving to avert what might have resulted in massacre of every man in the loyalist contingent. As it was 10, nine of them volunteers under the command of the intrepid Captain John Morton and one an N.W.M.P. constable, were killed in action and two constables later died of wounds received in the desperate fray.

Manoeuvring to cover the right flank, Captain Morton and his volunteers were cut down under a scathing fire from a cabin nearby in which Gabriel Dumont, one of the most accurate rifle shots in the Metis force, was hidden with several selected men. A stray shot which blasted through a chink in the cabin wall almost killed Dumont during the battle, tearing open his scalp from forehead to the back.

Massacre Threatened

One factor probably saved the lives of the remainder of the government forces. Noting that the Metis and Indians were attempting to shift around the left to a position which would have cut off all hope of escape and retreat, a group of settler volunteers who were familiar with Indian fighting

methods bravely held their ground until the attackers themselves were forced to seek refuge.

Loathe to comment on his own part in the famous battle, Mr. Paul had been one of the sharpshooters who had staved off the catastrophe impending in those decisive minutes.

It has become known, too, that he and two constables of the police played a heroic role in saving the lives of wounded men. Under the deadly fire of the Metis, they dragged them to safety. Forced to act quickly, the rescuers literally threw the injured men into sleighs. The 25 wounded included Constable Smith who, with Constable Collins, had aided Scout Paul in his perilous task.

Outnumbered four to one, the loyalists beat a retreat at the end of the three-quarter hour battle. The determined Metis followed them for a distance but uncertain footing for their horses in the deep snow forced them to stay in the trail where they suffered heavy loss as rifle fire from the loyalists swept down upon them.

The actual loss suffered by the Indians and Metis was never known but it was estimated their casualties were much greater than those of the loyalists.

The tragedy of unpreparedness again was evident when it was attempted to administer medical aid to the wounded at Fort Carlton. Along with several others of the volunteers and police, Mr. Paul remained up all night caring for the more seriously hurt. Captain H. S. Moore, a N.W.M. Police officer whose ability to lead had been well proven, was among those thrown into the sleighs during the battle. He later recovered.

Escapes Scalping

One wounded man had been left in the field of battle along with the dead. That was Constable Charlie Newitt, who, it has been reported, narrowly escaped scalping at the hands of the Metis when discovered. Riel is said to have saved his life and taken him to Duck Lake as a prisoner. Newitt bore scars on his hands received when he attempted to protect himself as the Indians hacked at his head.

As a mail carrier previous to the outbreak of the rebellion, Mr. Paul was in strategic position to peruse both sides of the question. He was convinced that the "whites" were as much at fault as were the Metis. He could find little fault with the government for

their part as their refusal to grant scrip to the Metis was morally, if not legally, righteous. He pointed out how the issues of scrip had been misused and sold in exchange for cheap liquor to speculating Americans and others who saw opportunity to turn it over at a profit.

Much of the agitation previous to the rebellion had been instigated by certain white men in the area. One of the most serious aspects was the bringing of Louis Riel to Saskatchewan. He came through money subscribed largely by the white settlers of Prince Albert, Mr. Paul claims.

Recalling the hectic weeks of unrest, Mr. Paul spoke of Riel as a religious fanatic who held a dictatorial hand over his associates. He drew to mind the episode of the eclipse on March 18, one day before the looting of the Walters and Baker store at Batoche. Riel had told the Metis that God would draw his hand over the sun if the future movements of the Metis were to be courted by success.

Planned Massacre Here

It is Mr. Paul's conviction that Riel planned a massacre at Prince Albert similar to that at Frog Lake later in the Spring. A systematic patrol between the two branches of the Saskatchewan River, however, kept the offenders out. As one of the scouts on patrol, Mr. Paul told of following two Indians he knew, foreseeing their movements and entrapping them in a cabin. On being threatened, they admitted planning a route toward the Prince Albert settlement.

On another occasion, Riel had sent word to Prince Albert that ammunition would not be wasted if the Metis once reached the city. He intimated that the wood barricade which protected the settlement would form weapons in the hands of the enemy.

Days of "stomach patrol" was part of the itinerary of Mr. Paul during the rebellion. To close in on the enemy camp, he and the other scouts often were forced to leave their horses far in the woods and

crawl out in a prostrate position, pulling themselves by means of a sharp stake held in each hand.

Mr. Paul's experience in the West both before and after the rebellion was a varied one which gave him clear insight into the Metis and Indian characteristics. At the battle of Duck Lake just 50 years ago tomorrow, he was in a death conflict against men he had known intimately. After peace was declared, Mr. Paul having been employed to carry the negotiations between the warring parties, the so-called rebels greeted him with handshakes.

Of adventurous character, Mr. Paul had left his birthplace at Tamworth, Ontario, before he was 15 years of age, heading for the western region of the United States. Later, he went to Winnipeg and joined a survey camp which laid out Brandon, Manitoba. A year before the first mile of railway was built in the western region, he had contracted with the government to bring nine Red River Carts to Duck Lake, a mission he successfully accomplished.

A noted trail blazer, he was assigned the task of opening the first northern mail route and built the first station in the country at Red Beary and Goose Lake. With a thorough knowledge of the country at his finger tips, he conducted an inspection of surveys in Quill Lake and Lake Lenore areas.

Ranching and dealing in cattle on a large scale was Mr. Paul's forte in the later days of the nineteenth century and the earlier years of the twentieth. He lived for a time in Mexico, California and various cities of the West. In 1911, he was elected mayor of Moose Jaw after serving as alderman in 1910.

Mrs. Paul, nee Miss Margaret McKay, also was in the Prince Albert area at the time of the rebellion. She remembers the excitement caused by the only shot fired here, an accidental discharge when in addition to the men on guard there were 2,000 women and children within the barricade surrounding the historic church and manse.

Thomas McKay Played Heroic Rebellion Role

Reprinted from Prince Albert Daily Herald, March 26, 1935.

This is the fourth of the series of articles on the rebellion of 1885 being published in conjunction with interviews with those who were in this vicinity in those stirring days. Today's article deals with events which preceded the battle of Duck Lake, fought 50 years ago today. This marked the first bloodshed in the rebellion.

Prince Albert awoke on the morning of March 20, 1885, to find bad news on its doorstep.

Citizens of what was then a tiny village with a population of 700, learned that the Walters and Baker store at Batoche had been looted.

The rebellion had broken out. Riel's Metis were on the rampage and friendly Indians would soon follow suit.

Dawn that morning also saw a youthful rider gallop into the village from the direction of Fort Carlton, 60 miles up the North Saskatchewan river.

The rider was "Gentleman Joe", McKay, who had been in the saddle most of the night carrying an urgent request from Major Crozier, at Carlton, to Captain Moffat, of the North West Mounted Police, for him to send more men to Carlton, in the heart of the disaffected area.

Mass Meeting Held

A few hours later a mass meeting was held in Andrew McDonald's store and about 80 men sworn in to go to Carlton.

That afternoon, to the tune of martial airs played by the Prince Albert band, under Dick Gwynne, the volunteers set out. Gwynne, first leader of Prince Albert's band which two years ago celebrated its golden jubilee, is now living in southern California.

In the meantime, the late Thomas McKay, who was to become Prince Albert's first mayor a few months later, and Hillyard Mitchell, Duck Lake storekeeper, met the Metis and advised them to lay down their arms and return home. They promised that nothing would be done to them.

It was arranged between Riel and Mitchell that McKay and

Mitchell should go back to Major Crozier and arrange a meeting with a deputation consisting of Nolin and Lepine, appointed by Riel, to discuss the grievances and endeavor to arrange a settlement.

Nolin and Lepine had written instructions from Riel himself. Two of the conditions which Riel set forth in the document, which was among those found at Batoche after Riel's capture, were that Fort Carlton be surrendered to the Metis, and that the police should give themselves up.

The document, addressed to Major Crozier, was as follows:

"The council of the provisional government for Prince Albert settlement have the honor to communicate to you and your men the following conditions: You will be required to give up completely the situations which the Canadian government have placed you in at Fort Carlton and Battleford, together with all property. If you agree, you and your men will be allowed to leave the country, and will be provided with teams to send you to Qu'Appelle. In case of non-acceptance, we intend to attack you after the Lord's Day, which is tomorrow, when we will commence a war of extermination against all those who have showed themselves hostile to us. Nolin and Lepine are the men you will have to treat with.

(Signed) Louis Riel."

Very strongly pressed by the Prince Albert volunteers, one of whose officers is said to have taunted Crozier, to march out and engage the rebels, the policeman finally agreed to advance on Duck Lake. Learning of this decision, McKay intervened and offered to go to the rebels as an emissary and try to induce them to lay down

their arms by pointing out the serious nature of their actions.

On his dangerous mission, McKay encountered the Riel outposts near Batoche and, being well known to the old buffalo hunters, he was respectfully heard.

He was interrupted by Gabriel Dumont, who appeared on the scene and took him to Riel under escort.

McKay used every argument and Riel, who seemed to be in a state of great excitement, said: "We want blood! blood! If Carlton is not surrendered it will be a war of extermination."

For a time McKay was virtually a prisoner but he was held in such high estimation by the Metis that the leaders dared not harm him and eventually he was allowed to return to Carlton.

Early in the morning of March 26, Crozier sent Sergeant Walter Stewart, police and volunteers under the command of Mr. McKay with eight teams to get provisions and ammunition stored at Duck Lake. It was Major Crozier's object to secure this ammunition so that the rebels could not use it.

Three miles from Duck Lake the party was halted by Gabriel Dumont and 40 Metis and Indians. McKay refused to surrender and ordered his men to turn around for Carlton. McKay's brave bearing and the respect he commanded seemed to awe Metis and Indians.

Preceded by a scout, the party returning from Duck Lake met Crozier with a force of 54 police, one seven-pound gun, and Captains Moore and Morton with the volunteers. They were out, it is recorded, to get the supplies McKay failed to bring back.

The battle of Duck Lake followed when Crozier's force encountered a strong force of rebels near Duck Lake village.

The only field gun which the party had — a nine-pounder — was disabled early in the fight, the shot having been put in before the powder. The gun was rendered useless and left behind in the retreat.

The following is the casualty list of the loyalist forces:

KILLED IN ACTION

Prince Albert Volunteers

Captain John Morton, Corporal W. Napier, Jos. Anderson, James Bakie, S. C. Elliott, Alex. Fisher, R. Middleton, D. A. McKenzie and D. McPhail.

N. W. M. P.
Constable W. Gibson.
DIED OF WOUNDS

N. W. M. P.
Constables G. P. Arnold and G. K. Garrett.

WOUNDED

Prince Albert Volunteers
Captain H. S. Moore, Sergeant A. McNab, Constable A. Markley, Constable C. Newitt and Scout A. Stewart.

N. W. M. P.
Superintendent L. N. F. Crozier, Inspector J. Howe, Corporal T. H. Gilchrist and Constables S. F. Gordon, Manner-Smith, A. Millar and J. J. Wood.

The following is a list of the men who were under Major Crozier's command at the battle:

N. W. M. P. Surgeon R. Millar, Inspector J. Howe, Sergeant-Major F. G. Dann, Sergeants W. A. Brooks, W. C. Smart, Alfred Stewart, J. C. Pringle; Corporals H. J. H. Davidson, C. Chasle, F. Fowler, J. Collins, J. H. Gilchrist; Constables R. Carter, Joe McKay, J. Cochrane, T. C. Craigie, A. Coles, H. Desbarres, R. Dowseley, J. Edwards, J. O. Fleming, L. Fontain, W. Carton, S. F. Gordon, P. J. Gribble, W. Halbhous, J. H. Hoyland, H. B. Hammond, H. A. Hetherington, W. Jackson, R. W. Jamieson, W. Lunnin, W. A. Manner-Smith, A. Miller, A. G. Mountain, A. E. G. Montgomery, W. Morrow, A. Murray, A. McDonald, A. McMillan, D. H. McPherson, W. C. Nunn, W. Perkins, J. J. Redmond, J. Rummerfield, D. Scott, J. Street, E. W. Todd, J. Wortherington, A. H. Woodman, J. J. Wood, W. Smith, G. P. Arnold, G. K. Garrett, T. J. Gibson.

Prince Albert Volunteers: Captains H. S. Moore and John Morton; Sergeants T. Powers, T. N. Campbell, Justic Wilson, Alex. McNabb, Corporals W. C. Ramsey, W. Dixon, William Nopier; Privates J. Anderson, J. Bakie, James Brown, Robert Burns, Charles Bryne, W. Drain, G. Duck, S. C. Elliott, A. Fisher, James Flett, C. Hamilton, A. W. R. Markley, R. McGinn, D. Mackenzie, D. McPhail, George Nelson, Henry Nelson, Charles Newett, G. Sutherland, W. Tait, H. Kelly, William Laurie, M. Thibault, John Wymerskirch, John Paul, R. Middleton, A. Stewart, W. Barker, Donald McKay, W. Haslam,

Charles Givcen, Lawrence Clarke, Thomas MacKay, Hillyard Mitchell, S. L. McKeen and J. W. McKeen.

(In today's issue two survivors of the Duck Lake battle describe the encounter.)

On reaching Carlton, Major Crozier found that Colonel Irvine had arrived with a force of policemen and volunteers.

The day after the fight, Fort Carlton was evacuated, the combined forces leaving for Prince Albert, as it was believed impera-

tive to fortify that village and protect it from attack.

On the morning of the Duck Lake battle, H. E. Ross, now a lawyer in Prince Albert, who was then a police scout, and J. W. Astley, also employed as a scout, were taken prisoner as they were near Duck Lake seeking information for Crozier as to the strength and movements of the rebels.

(In a subsequent article the experiences of Mr. Ross as a prisoner of Riel will be related. He was not released until after Riel's capture at Batoche).

Big Bear's Indians Massacre Male Residents of Frog Lake

Reprinted from Prince Albert Daily Herald, April 2, 1935.

Fifty years ago today, Big Bear's plain Cree Indians—who went on the rampage when they heard of the Duck Lake battle—disarmed and then shot down in cold blood the entire male white population of Frog Lake, village which had grown up at the point selected for administration of a number of Indian reserves in the vicinity.

Frog Lake is 115 miles "as the crow flies" north west of Battleford, and is now within the province of Alberta.

The massacre is one of the blackest blots of the rebellion of 1885. Its perpetrators were the members of Big Bear's tribe which had exhibited a disinclination to settle down on the reserves as other tribes were doing.

CRISIS AVERTED

They were the same Indians who the year before when they faced a police force under Major Crozier were prevented from firing upon police by the heroic action of the late William Mackay, who nonchalantly walked between the line of Indians on one side and police on the other.

Only a few years before these men were living the care free life of savages on the plains.

Then the white man came, signed treaties with them, and endeavored to establish them upon the land.

Looking back over the 50 years which have passed, the remarkable feature of the part played by the Indians in the rebellion is not that a few turned upon the white people, but that more did not revert to the life of savagery which they had followed until less than a generation before the rebellion.

A few days after they had learned of the Duck Lake battle, Big Bear's braves donned their war paint and feathered headdresses and massacred the following: Rev. Adelard Fafard and Rev. Felix Marchand, Roman Catholic priests; T. Quinn, Indian agent; J. Delaney, Indian instructor; J. A. Gowanlock, owner of a mill erected shortly before the massacre near Frog Lake village; George Dill, trader; W. C. Gilchrist, Gowanlock's clerk, and J. Williscraft and C. Gouin.

The white women, wives of De-

laney and Gowanlock, were held captive by the Indians, and did not gain their liberty until two months had passed.

The year following the massacre, the two women collaborated in the publication of a book entitled "Two Months in the Camp of Big Bear."

The following description of the massacre came from the pen of Mrs. Delaney when poignant memories of the terrifying experience were still fresh:

Up to the 30th of March, 1885, we had not the faintest idea that a rebellion existed, nor that half-breeds and Indians were in open revolt. On that day we received two letters, one from Captain Dickens, of Fort Pitt, and one from Mr. Rae, of Battleford. Mr. Dickens' letter was asking all the whites to go down to Fort Pitt for safety as we could not trust the Indians; and Mr. Rae's letter informed us of the "Duck Lake" battle and asked us to keep the Indians up there and not let them down to join Poundmaker. When we were informed of the great trouble that was taking place, Mr. and Mrs. Gowanlock were apprised of the fact and they came up to our place for safety. My husband had no fear for himself, but he had slight misgivings as to poor Mr. Quinn's situation. Mr. Quinn was the agent in that district and was a Sioux half-breed. Johnny Pritchard, his interpreter, was a Cree half-breed. My husband decided at once not to go to Fort Pitt. It would be a shame for us, he

thought, to run away and leave all the Government provisions, horses, etc., at the mercy of those who would certainly take and squander them, moreover he feared nothing from the Indians. His own band were perfectly friendly and good—and not ten days previous, Big Bear had given him a peace-pipe or calumet, and told him that he was beloved by all the band.

However, knowing the Indian character so well, and being aware that the more you seemed to confide in them the more you were liked by them, he and Mr. Quinn concluded to hold a council with the chiefs and inform them of the news from Duck Lake, impressing upon them the necessity of being good and of doing their work, and not minding those troublesome characters that were only bringing misery upon themselves.

Indians Knew More

Consequently, on the first of April, the council was held, but to their great astonishment and dismay, the Indians knew more than they did about the affair, and, in fact, the Indians knew all about the troubles, long before news ever reached us, at Frog Lake, of the outbreak. At the council were "Aimasis" (The King-bird), one of Big Bear's sons and "The Wandering Spirit." They said that Big Bear had a bad name, but now he had a chance he would show himself to be the whiteman's friend. All day, the 1st of April, they talked and held council, and finally the Indians went home, after shaking hands with my husband. They then told him that the half-breeds intended to come our way to join Riel! that they also intended to steal our horses, but that we need not fear as they (the Indians) would protect us and make sure no horses would be taken and no harm would be done. They also told us to sleep quiet and contented as they would be up all night and would watch. Big Bear, himself, was away upon a hunt and only got to the camp that night, we did not see him until next morning. During that day, the Indians without an exception, asked for potatoes and of course they got them. They said we did not need so much potatoes and they would be a treat for them as they meant to make a big feast that night and have a dance.

Now as to their statement about the half-breeds coming to take horses or anything else we did not know whether to believe them or

not. Of course it would never do to pretend to disbelieve them. However, the shadow of a doubt hung over each of us. We knew that the Indians had a better knowledge of all that was taking place than we had, and since they knew so much about the troubles, it looked probable enough that they should know what movements the half-breeds were to make. And moreover, they seemed so friendly, so good-spirited and in fact so free from any appearance of being in bad humor, that it would require a very incredulous character not to put faith in their word. But on the other hand it seemed strange, that, if they knew so much about our danger, they never even hinted it to us until our men first spoke of it to them. However, be these things as they may, we felt secure and still something told us that all was not well; often to others as well as to Campbell's wizard,

"The sun set of life, gives them
mystical lore—
And coming events cast their
shadows before."

Thus we parted on the night of the first of April, and all retired to bed, to rest, to dream. Little did some amongst us imagine that it was to be their last sleep, their last rest upon earth, and that before another sun would set, they would be "sleeping that sleep that knows no waking"—resting the great eternal rest from which they will not be disturbed until the trumpet summons the countless millions from the tomb. Secure as we felt ourselves, we did not dream of the deep treachery and wicked guile that prompted those men to deceive their victims. The soldier may lie down calmly to sleep before the day of battle, but I doubt if we could have reposed in such tranquility if the vision of the morrow's tragedy had flashed across our dreams. It is indeed better that we know not the hour, nor the place! And again, is it not well that we should ever be prepared, so that no matter how or when the angel of death may strike, we are ready to meet the inevitable and learn "the great Secret of Life and Death!"

Horses Stolen

At about half past-four on the morning of the second of April, before we were out of bed, Johnny Pritchard and Aimasis came to our house and informed my husband that the horses had been stolen by the half-breeds. This was the first

moment that a real suspicion came upon our mind. Aimasias protested that he was so sorry. He said that no one, except himself and men, were to blame. He said that they danced nearly all night and when it got on towards morning that all fell asleep, and that the half-breeds must have been upon the watch, for it was then that they came and stole the horses. The two then left us and we got up. About an hour after Aimasias came back and told us not to mind the horses, as they would go and hunt for them and bring them back.

I since found out, that as the horses were only two miles away in the woods, they feared that my husband might go and find them himself and that their trick would be discovered. It is hard to say how far they intended, at that time, to go on, with the bad work they had commenced.

In about half an hour some twenty Indians came to the house. Big Bear was not with them, nor had they on war-paint, and they asked for our guns, that is my husband's and Mr. Quinn's. They said they were short of firearms and that they wished to defend us against the half-breeds. No matter what our inclinations or misgivings might then be, we could not however refuse the arms. They seemed quite pleased and went away. An hour had scarcely elapsed when over thirty Indians painted in the most fantastic and hideous manner came in. Big Bear also came, but he wore no war-paint. He placed himself behind my husband's chair. We were all seated at the table taking our breakfast. The Indians told us to eat plenty as we would not be hurt. They also ate plenty themselves—some sitting, others standing, scattered here and there through the room, devouring as if they had fasted for a month.

Went To Church

Big Bear then remarked to my husband that there would likely be some shooting done, but for him not to fear, as the Indians considered him as one of themselves. Before we had our meal finished Big Bear went out. The others then asked us all to go up to the church with them. We consequently went, Mr. and Mrs. Gow-anlock, Mr. Dill, Mr. Williscraft, my husband and myself.

When we arrived at the church the mass was nearly over. The Indians, on entering, made quite a noise and clatter. They would not remove their hats or head-dresses,

they would not shut the door, nor remain silent, in fact, they did anything they considered provoking and ugly. The good priest, the ill-fated Father Fafard, turned upon the altar and addressed them. He warned them of the danger of excitement and he also forbade them to do any harm. He told them to go quietly away to their camps and not disturb the happiness and peace of the community. They seemed to pay but little attention to what they heard, but continued the same tumult. Then Father Fafard took off his vestments and cut short the mass, the last that he was destined ever to say upon earth; the next sacrifice he would offer was to be his own life. He as little dreamed as did some of the others that before many hours their souls would be with God, and that their bodies would find a few days sepulchre beneath that same church, whose burnt ruins would soon fall upon their union in the clay.

The Indians told us that we must all go back to our place. We obeyed and the priests came also. When we reached the house the Indians asked for beef-cattle. My husband gave them two oxen. Some of the tribe went out to kill the cattle. After about an hour's delay and talk, the Indians told us to come to their camp so that we would all be together and that they could aid us the better against the half-breeds. We consequently started with them.

Up to this point, I might say, the Indians showed us no ill-will, but continually harped upon the same chord, that they desired to defend and to save us from the half-breeds. So far they got everything they asked for, and even to the last of the cattle, my husband refused nothing. We felt no dread of death at their hands, yet we knew that they were excited and we could not say what they might do if provoked. We now believed that the story of the half-breeds was to deceive us and throw us off our guard—and yet we did not suspect that they meditated the foul deeds that darkened the morning of the second of April, and that have left it a day unfortunately, but too memorable, in the annals of Frog Lake history.

Had No Idea

When I now look back over the events, I feel that we all took a proper course, yet the most unfortunate one for those that are gone. We could have no idea of the murderous intentions on the part of the

Indians. Some people living in our civilized country may remark, that it was strange we did not notice the peculiar conduct of the Indians. But those people know nothing either of the Indian character or habits. So far from their manner seeming strange, or extraordinary, I might say that I have seen them dozens of times act more foolishly, ask more silly questions and want more ridiculous things—even appear more excited. Only for the war-paint and what Big Bear had told us, we would have had our fears completely lulled by the seemingly open and friendly manner. I have heard it remarked that it is a wonder we did not leave before the second of April and go to Fort Pitt; I repeat, nothing at all appeared to us a sign of alarm, and even if we dreaded the tragic scenes, my husband would not have gone. His post was at home; he had no fear that the Indians would hurt him; he had always treated them well and they often acknowledged it; he was an employee of the Government and had a trust in hand; he would never have run away and left the Government horses, cattle, stores, provisions, goods, etc., to be divided and scattered amongst the bands. He even said so before the council day. Had he run away and saved his life, by the act, I am certain he would be then blamed as a coward and one not trustworthy nor faithful to his position, I could not well pass over this part of our sad story without answering some of those comments made by people, who, neither through experience nor any other means could form an idea of the situation. It is easy for me to now sit down and write out, if I choose, what ought to have been done; it is just as easy for people safe in their own homes, far from the scene, to talk, comment and tell how they would have acted and what they would have done. But these people know no more about the situation or the Indians, than I know about the Hindoos, their mode of life, or their habits.

Followed by Indians

When we all started with them for their camp, we were followed and surrounded by the Indians. The two priests, Mr. and Mrs. Gowanlock, Mr. Gilchrist, Mr. Williscraft, Mr. Dill, Mr. Gouin, Mr. Quinn, my husband and myself formed the party of whites. My husband and I walked ahead. When we had got about one acre from the house we heard shots, which we thought

were fired in the air. We paid little or no attention to them. I had my husband by the arm. We were thus linked when old Mr. Williscraft rushed past, bare-headed. I turned my head to see what was the cause of his excitement, when I saw Mr. Gowanlock fall. I was about to speak when I felt my husband's arm drop from mine—and he said, "I am shot too." Just then the priests rushed up and Father Fafard was saying something in French which I could not catch. My husband staggered over about twenty feet from me and then back again and fell down beside me. I bent down and raised his head upon my lap. I think over forty shots must have been fired, but I could not tell what side the shot came from that hit my husband. I called Father Fafard and he came over. He knelt down and asked my husband if he could say the "confiteor." My husband said "yes" and then repeated the prayer from end to end. As he finished the prayer, the priest said: "My poor brother, I think you are safe with God," and as the words died upon his lips he received his death-wound and fell prostrate across my husband. I did not see who fired the shot. I only saw one shot fired; I thought it was for myself but it was for my husband and it finished him. In a couple of minutes an Indian, from the opposite side, ran up, caught me by the wrist and told me to go with him. I refused, but I saw another Indian shake his head at me and tell me to go on. He dragged me, by force away. I got one glance—the last—at my poor husband's body and I was taken off. After we had gone a piece I tried to look back—but the Indian gave me a few shakes pretty roughly and then dragged me through the creek up to my waist in water—then over a path of thorns and briars and finally flung me down in his tent.

Mingled With Despair

I will not now stay to describe my feelings, or attempt to give in language, an idea of the million phantoms of dread and terror; memory seemed but too keen, and only too vividly could I behold the repetition of the scenes that had just passed before me. I stayed all day in the tent. I had the hope that some one would buy me off. Yet the hope was mingled with despair. I thought if I could see Alec, one of our own Indians, that he would buy me, but I could not find out where he was. Towards evening I went to Johnny Prit-

chard's tent and asked him to buy me. He said he had been trying all day but could not succeed, however he expected to strike a bargain before night. He had only one horse and the Indians wanted two horses for me. As good luck would have it, he got Nolin—another half-breed—to give the second horse. It was all they had and yet they willingly parted with that all, to save me from inhuman treatment, and even worse than a hundred deaths. There was a slight relief in knowing that I was out of the power of the painted devil that held me, since my husband's death. But we were far from safe. Pritchard took me to his own tent, and placed me with his wife and family. There I felt that if there existed any chance of an escape at all I would be able to take advantage of it. I fully trusted to Pritchard's manliness and good character, and I was not deceived. He not only proved himself a sincere friend and a brave fellow, but he acted the part of a perfect gentleman, throughout, and stands, ever since, in my estimation the type of God's noblest creatures—**A TRULY GOOD MAN.**

For three weeks I was watched, as a cat would watch a mouse. All night long the Indians kept prowling about the tent, coming in, going out, returning; they resembled, at times, a pack of wolves skulking around their prey, and, at times, they appeared to resemble a herd of demons as we see them represented in the most extravagant of frightful pictures. However, Pritchard spoke to them and their attentions became less annoying. They may have watched as closely as ever and I think they did, but they seldom came into my tent and when they did come in, it was only for a moment. I slept in a sitting position, and whenever I would wake up, in a startled state from some fevered dream, I invariably saw, at the tent door, a human eye riveted upon me.

Beginning of Wisdom

Imagine yourself seated in a quiet room at night, and every time you look at the door, which is slightly ajar, you catch the eye of a man fixed upon you, and try then to form an idea of my feelings. I heard that the human eye had power to subdue the most savage beast that roams the woods; if so, there must be a great power in the organ of vision; but I know of no object so awe-inspiring to look upon, as the naked eye concentrated upon

your features. Had we but the same conception of that "all seeing eye," which we are told, continually watches us, we would doubtlessly be wise and good; for if it inspired us with a proportionate fear, we would possess what Solomon tells us in the first step to wisdom—"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

But I never could describe all the miseries I suffered during those few weeks. I was two months in captivity; and eight days afterwards we heard of Major-General Strange's arrival, I managed to escape. The morning of our escape seemed to have been especially marked out by providence for us. It was the first and only time the Indians were not upon the close watch. Up to that day, we used to march from sunrise to sunset, and all night long the Indians would dance. I cannot conceive how human beings could march all day, as they did, and then dance the wild, frantic dances that they kept up all night. Coming on grey dawn they would tire out and take some repose. Every morning they would tear down our tent to see if we were in it. But whether attracted by the arrival of the soldiers—by the news of General Strange's engagement—or whether they considered we did not meditate flight, I cannot say—but most certainly they neglected their guard that day.

Were Making Tea

Some of them came in as usual, but we were making tea, and they went off. As soon as the coast was clear we left our tea, and all, and we departed. Maybe they did not know which way we went, or perhaps they were too much engaged with their own immediate danger to make chase, but be that as it may, we escaped. It was our last night under the lynx-eyed watchers. We went about two miles in the woods, and there hid. So far I had no covering for my head, and but scant raiment for my body. The season was very cold in April and May, and many a time I felt numb, chill, and sick, but there was no remedy for it; only "grin and go through." In the last part of my captivity, I suffered from exposure to the sun. The squaws took all my hats, and I could not get anything to cover my head, except a blanket, and I would not dare to put one on, as I knew not the moment we might fall in with the scouts, and they might take me for a squaw. My shawl had become rib-

bons from tearing through the bush, and towards the end I was not able to get two rags of it to remain together. There is no possibility of giving an idea of our sufferings. The physical pains, exposures, dangers, colds, heats, sleepless nights, long marches, scant food, poor raiment, etc., would be bad enough—but we must not lose sight of the mental anguish, that memory, only too faithful, would inflict upon us, and the terror that alternate hope and despair would compel us to undergo. I cannot say which was the worst. But when united, our sad lives seemed to have passed beneath the darkest cloud that could possibly hang over them.

Dared Not Build Fires

After the escape, the fugitive party travelled all day long in the same bush, so that the Indians, should they discover them, would believe the party to be still travelling with them.

They dared not build fires for fear of hastening discovery.

"The second day after the escape," Mrs. Delaney writes, "we travelled through thicker bush and the men kept busy cutting roads for us. We camped four times to make up for the day before, its fast and tramp. The third day we got into the open prairie, and about

ten in the morning we lost our way.

"We were for over three hours in perplexity. We feared to advance too much as we might be getting farther from the proper track. About one o'clock the sun appeared and by means of it we regained our right course. At four we camped for the night.

Rescued by Strange's Scouts

"We found a pretty clump of poplars and pitched our tents for a good repose. I had just commenced to make a bannock for our tea, when Fritchard ran in and told me that the police were outside and for me to go to them at once. I sincerely believe that it was at that moment we ran the greatest of all our risks. The police had taken us for a band of Indians, and were on the point of shooting at us when I came out and arrested the act.

"When they found who we were, they came in, placed their guns aside, and gave us some corned beef and 'hard tack'."

From there the party went to Fort Pitt, then to Battleford, and then the white women returned to their homes in Ontario.

The rescue party were members of General Strange's scouts, led by the late William Mackay.

McKay Family Escapes Indians

Reprinted from Prince Albert Daily Herald, April 9, 1935.

It was 48 years ago Saturday that "Gentleman Joe" McKay married the daughter of the late Joseph McKay. The wedding took place March 30, 1887, two years after the rebellion.

One of their sons, Arthur, prepared the manuscript of this story as it was told by his mother who had more than one narrow escape from death as she fled with her parents and a sister towards Battleford 50 years ago this month.

Aided to escape from the Sweet Grass reserve Indians, the family fell into the hands of Poundmaker's men. Through the aid of a Roman Catholic priest, McKay appealed to the great chief for freedom because of their mutual friendship.

The second instalment of the narrative will appear in an early issue.

The dramatic narrative of the escape of the family of the late Joseph McKay from the Indians near Battleford during the Rebellion of 1885 is presented here as it was told by one of Joseph McKay's daughters to her son, Arthur C. McKay.

It is a coincidence that Arthur McKay's late grandfather and his father, "Gentleman Joe" McKay, both had the same christian name and surname, that is both of them were Joseph McKays but of different families.

In the summer of 1884, my father, the late Joseph McKay, was Indian instructor on the Sweet Grass Reserve, about twenty-five miles from Battleford. My mother and sister, Maria, and I lived with father on the reserve, while my brother, Willy, was attending the college at Prince Albert. I had received my early education under Miss Lucy Baker and at St. Anne convent which is now St. Patrick's Orphanage.

Ever since my childhood, I had followed my father and mother from place to place throughout the west. Father had been engaged by the Hudson's Bay Company and also travelled as an independent trader. As a child I can still remember the herds of buffalo that roamed our western prairies, and as I look back over the years I can still see many of the lesser buffalo hunts and the last great buffalo hunt that was held in Saskatchewan.

Patrick Dumont, living at Carlton, is, I think, the only surviving member of the hunters. As I grew older I became an expert with the shotgun and rifle and was con-



MRS. MCKAY

stantly in the saddle. After completing school I returned to my parents and we took up our residence on the reserve.

The late Lawrence Clark made me a present of a beautiful black horse that he had intended for his daughter, Elleen, but as she was ill and eventually became an invalid, he gave me an English saddle, bridle and gloves he had intended for her. I have always been used to an outdoor life, and I still take great pleasure in long outdoor drives and invariably carry a shotgun with me. I am now 69 years of age and am still active.

His Father Warned

During the winter of 1884-85, my father received a visit from an old Indian who had come a long way to see him. He warned father against coming trouble and said he should not have brought his family to the reserve. But he only scoffed at the idea and said he expected that nothing would come of it.

As time went on I noticed many things that made me uneasy, but I kept my fears to myself.

In March of 1885 rumors of an Indian uprising began to filter through. There was every indication of an early spring, a long spell of warm weather began to cause a break-up of the roads. Water lay in the hollows and the hills became bare. Crows began to make their appearance and father decided to drive to Battleford and return the following night. Mother was to accompany him in the cutter and my sister and I were to remain at home. I suggested that my sister ride in the back of the cutter and I would ride Prince as I did not feel safe with the Indians. Father said that they would not harm us.

The thought of remaining alone with my sister the next day, so preyed on my mind that it was a long time before I could fall asleep. I was awakened about 2 o'clock in the morning by father. I had dreamed of Indians all about me, and I must have screamed in my sleep, for when I awoke father was trying to quiet me. I was still trembling with fright when a heavy knock sounded at the door, followed almost immediately by another, and the door, held in place by a small iron hook, was burst violently open and the room began to fill with Indians.

Wild, Weird Chant

The noise they made was terrible, some talking and some uttering

the wild, weird chant which, in the darkness, was too horrible to imagine. I could hear father remonstrating with someone.

I heard a cry of "Fifty dollars for your life!" Another voice cried "Forty for your life!" I dressed as quickly as possible with the clothes nearest to hand, not stopping to put on my shoes. By this time someone had lit a lamp. My mother and sister and myself somehow got to father's side.

He was talking in Cree and was asking the reason for this visit and did not appear to realize the seriousness of the situation. When it finally dawned on him that the Indians were serious, he looked about him for someone in authority. Everything was in confusion.

I noticed an Indian in front of father gesticulating wildly and I heard him say: I am Kees-squay-eenien, him they call the crazy man and this day I will live up to my name."

At this moment another Indian had pressed forward dressed in full regalia with feathers and war paint. He carried in his hand a queer looking object, similar in shape to the jaw-bone of a horse, from the upper end of which were fastened several pieces of pointed steel. It was painted and decked with feathers and little bells and just below the haft was a whistle carried in the end.

Father recognized him and spoke. The Indian placed the whistle to his lips and blue a shrill blast. In the snow, I helped you to give them decent burial and I gave your men clothing and food."

Does Not Forget

The Indian straightened up and said: "I do not forget. Your wife and children must leave here with you, but you will have to give us your horses and supplies."

Father remonstrated, but it was of no avail. Mother tore a blanket into strips and I rolled my feet in these, and pulled on a pair of moccasins. I told father to let the horses go, and I said I would let my horse go as well, so long as the Indians did not harm us. As they moved towards the door I ran the few yards down the hill to the stable and let out the sorrel drivers, as I was afraid if father went into the stable someone might strike him or shoot him. Then I hurried back and let Prince out. An Indian took two buffalo robes from a peg, together with the bridles and the horses were led away. I

saw my horse for the last time.

We were then taken to an Indian house a short distance away. When we entered, some children began to cry and the Indian seemed to be very angry. He seemed to be trying to work himself up into a temper.

"You are frightening my children," he said.

Father put out his hand, but he ignored it. Mother and sister offered to shake hands, but he did not seem to notice them. Mother said:

"My friend, is this the way you show your gratitude for all we have done for you? When your children were sick, I nursed them back to health; when your little girl died, I washed and dressed her, my husband made the box and brought the priest to give her decent burial. Is this your way to treat kindness? I made clothing for your children and my girls have given your children many little gifts. When you were sick and in want, my husband furnished you with supplies. Now your people have robbed us of everything and we have only the clothes we stand in."

Aided in Flight

The Indian led us outside, and told us to listen. We could hear the dull sound of a drum, tum, tum . . . tum, tum, and the sound of many voices chanting in the war dance. The Indian said: "Those are the Stony Indians, most warlike of the tribes. When they come nothing will save you. You must leave here at once and flee to Battleford."

We followed him to the rear of the house, where he took down a small birch canoe that lay on the roof of a small shed. Two Indians carried the craft a short distance down to the Battle River. The ice lay in the channel, but the water was running on either side. We were told to cross to the ice, then draw the canoe across, go over to the other bank, and destroy the canoe and sink it. The crossing was soon accomplished and father broke the canoe. He then shoved it into the water, where it filled and sank immediately.

We then struck out in the direction of Battleford, avoiding the main road. The snow was deep in the willows and it was hard walking. It was bitterly cold and dark, and when the sun rose we felt very cold and hungry. As we plodded on, our feet broke through the

snow, sometimes to our knees in water. We kept as much as possible to the high ground, but when we struck the hollows we were meaning of this visit? I have done you no harm and I am your friend and your people are my friends. Have you not known me for many years? Your people know my people and have traded and hunted with them and have shared our stantly there was silence. My father said: "My friend, what is the fortunes together. When I came here, several of your young men had died and their bodies lay in to our knees in water and snow. We were wet to the waist, and very tired. Late in the afternoon we came to a place where someone had been chopping dry poplar rails. Father scouted around until he found the tracks made by the sleigh in hauling out the wood. He soon found the direction in which they had gone, and we decided to follow them. We finally came out on top of a hill, and could see a house in the hollow and smoke was coming from the chimney.

Meet After 40 Years

So we decided to go down and get food and shelter. When we entered the house, we noticed a man sitting across the room. Mother stood watching him for some moments. He got up and asked her name. She told him. He said: "What is your maiden name?"

When he had heard it he gave her his own. They had not met for forty years. He was her brother! We remained there that night, dried out clothes and had plenty to eat and a good night's sleep. We learned that runners were out warning the settlement and people were fleeing to Battleford. Word of the rising was spreading throughout the country.

We started for the Bremner settlement the next morning. Several settlers, including Sears and Taylors, were at Bremner's when we arrived. We were at once treated as prisoners, pending the arrival of someone in authority. We were placed in a tent and kept under guard. Here we met one of our best friends, a man loved and respected by all. To this man we owe our lives.

His name was Rev. Father Cochin, a Roman Catholic priest. He came to visit us every day and did his best for our comfort. He

told us that the French were expecting Poundmaker, the great Indian Chief of the Crees and that a big meeting was to be held shortly. Father said he would see Poundmaker as soon as he came, but the priest thought it unwise to do so. We remained in the settlement ten days till Poundmaker came.

On Easter Sunday Father Cochlin advised father that Poundmaker had arrived, and was having a meal in the house. Father wanted to see Poundmaker immediately, and effect his release, but the priest said he had better wait till the meeting started, and in the meantime he would find out if Poundmaker would see him.

Interviews Chief

The old priest then left us, but returned shortly and led father into the house. The room was filled with forty or fifty men sitting on benches arranged around the wall, and as the priest walked in with father all eyes were turned upon them.

Poundmaker sat at the far end of the room. Father advanced to the centre of the floor, and addressed the great chief.

"My friend, I have been despoiled of my home and goods. I was taken prisoner by your people. I was allowed to leave but am now a prisoner in the hands of the rebels. I am told that the fate of myself and my family rests with you. Have not my family hunted and traded with your people for many years? Have they not hunted and traded together as brothers? I have smoked the pipe of peace with Poundmaker. I have eaten meat with you. I have smoked and eaten and sat in the council lodges with Big Bear and Sitting Bull. I and my people are well known to you and yours. Why is my brother now my enemy?"

Poundmaker got up and came forward. He then put out his hand and the two shook hands in token of friendship. Father had just filled his pipe and lit it. As he took the first long draw the chief reached out and took the pipe, placed it in his mouth, and slowly exhaled a cloud of blue

smoke.

He then turned and handed the pipe to the nearest man who did likewise. It was passed to his neighbor and the pipe went round the circle of men in silence. Not a word was spoken until the pipe had made a round of the room, when it was returned to father. The chief turned to the company and spoke to the crowd.

"Is My Friend"

"This man is my friend. The old men of my people know this man and his people well. Yet this man has enemies who speak with a forked tongue. My young men have been led to believe some of these stories. It is my wish that this man should be allowed to go. My young men are out scouting, and if he fell into their hands, something might happen before I would be aware of it.

The chief then turned away and the old priest led father from the room.

It was nearly sundown when we were told to come at once to the river. We were told to leave one at a time. Father demured, but Father Cochlin said it was better to trust to the Indians and do as they said.

So father left with his guides, shortly after mother left, then my sister, and finally myself. I found them assembled on the bank. A small boat lay at the edge of the water, and the river was running full of ice. We were told that we could make Battleford in a few hours, and we were given enough bannock to make a meal and also a piece of hard grease as big as a man's fist. This was intended to be used in the seams of the boat to stop any leaks.

The river was running very thick with ice from bank to bank, and father said that to put the frail boat in the water would mean death to all of us. The old priest said it was our only chance and it was better for us to place our lives in the hands of a Higher Power and have faith in Him who could lead us to safety, than to fall into the hands of the Indians in which case nothing would save us.

Flight Marked By Many Adventures

Reprinted from Prince Albert Daily Herald, April 4, 1935.

In this the second and concluding instalment of the narrative of the escape of the McKay family from the Indians in 1885, the final episodes in the flight of the family down the ice-choked river are told.

AS TOLD BY MRS. JOSEPH
McKAY TO HER SON,
ARTHUR C. McKAY

Word had been received of the murder of the Maclean family at Frog Lake at which place a priest had also been killed. The old man said, "These people are my people and it is my duty to remain with them, but I would advise you not to stop at Battleford. You know of the meeting at Brimmers and if you went to Battleford you might be treated with suspicion and the lives of yourself and family would be at stake."

Father looked at the river and hesitated to set out with his family in such a small boat among the floating ice cakes. We heard a sound as though some one was coming. The priest, not knowing who it could be and noticing that father hesitated, told father to hurry.

"You have no time to lose."

He dropped to his knees in the wet sand, and began to pray for our safety. Father told us to get into the boat, and after putting in the oars, he pushed the boat out into the current and we were carried swiftly downstream.

The boat was spun around, and pushed from side to side between the huge floes of ice. The boat was small and rode low in the water. We were very frightened. Father pushed the craft with an oar, in and out among the cakes of ice. He tried to work his way toward the far bank, but it looked as though the ice would sink or swamp us before we could get to where the floes were not so thick.

Several times the boat was lifted almost clear of the water. It became jammed between ice floes, and we expected every moment to be our last. As father worked to keep the boat from being overturned, I looked back and saw the figure of the good old man still kneeling on the wet sand. This

was the last I saw of Father Cochlin until one day in the summer of 1900, he came to visit me. My little girl, then about eight years old, had gone to one of my neighbors. I was then living at the corner of Thirteenth Street, West, and Twelfth Avenue, Prince Albert.

It happened that Father Cochlin was paying a call when he saw the little girl. He asked her what her name was, and when she told him, he said, "I know your mother." He took her by the hand and came to the house. I was very glad to meet him and during his short stay in town, he was a frequent visitor. As I tell this story I can see his photograph among my most cherished possessions. He was one of the finest men I ever met.

We finally made our way to the farther shore, but were held up by a solid ice jam. The ice had stopped running below us and was piling up. Father drew the boat up on the bank and we took shelter among the willows until the jam would break. That night we divided our bannock, and made a frugal meal. We dared not make a fire, and were forced to make a shelter as best we could with the willows. That night we were very cold, as we had no blankets, and only the clothes we stood in when we left our home in Sweet Grass.

The next morning we ate the rest of our bannock as we expected the jam to break at any moment. We waited all day, but the jam showed no signs of breaking. That night we again took shelter in the willows, and the next day again watched for the ice to break. We were in constant fear of being seen. A week went by, and still no sign of the jam breaking. We had no food, but for some reason or other we did not feel very hungry.

Chewed Spruce Gum

We were in constant fear of be-

ing discovered and I guess this accounted for the lack of appetite. We gathered a quantity of gum from some spruce trees and chewed this. Then father gave us the grease that he had to fix the boat with, and we tried to eat it. It seemed to coat the roof of my mouth and made me feel sick.

It started to rain and mother took her red flannel petticoat and tore it down the front. She spread this over some willows and we crouched under it for shelter. In the afternoon of the ninth day father noticed a flash from the hill on the other side of the river. He watched it for awhile, then he said, "The Indians have seen us and are using a glass to cast a reflection of the sun's rays to mark our position to a party on this side."

After awhile we could hear someone on the hill. The ice jam had shown signs of breaking for the past two or three days and a strip of open water led out to the centre of the river. Father hurried us into the boat, as we could hear someone coming down through the willows. Father worked the boat out to the centre of the river, but could get no farther. We were held in by ice on three sides.

A party of Indians came out on the bank. They saw us and commenced to yell and brandish their rifles. There were five or six men. They walked down river a few rods and then started to walk across the ice from cake to cake. We thought we were lost. Suddenly the ice began to move. A narrow channel formed in the centre of the river. The jam was breaking! The Indians began to shoot. The bullets struck the ice close to the boat and some passed close by. We could hear the Indians yelling and we were terror stricken.

Pass Battleford

The ice was piling up on all sides and the boat was pushed and bumped, and the noise of the water and the cracking of ice seemed to freeze the very blood in our veins. Minutes seemed like hours, until finally the boat seemed to get into comparatively clear water, and as we drifted along the ice cakes became fewer. That night we floated past Battleford.

Several times we saw beaver sticking their heads out of holes on the bank. We passed some in the water, and on the sand bars we passed numerous flocks of wild

geese feeding, but we had no weapon with which to kill them. That night we drew up for a few hours on an island. We again started early, and soon reached old Fort Carlton. Father rode the boat to the landing, and we all got out. We walked the short distance to the fort.

There we expected to be safe. A detachment of Mounted Police were stationed here, and we could get food. But on arriving at the site of the fort, we were dismayed to find it burned to the ground. There was nothing for it, but to go on to Prince Albert. Weak and tired we returned to our boat.

Just then mother noticed a man with a horse and cart on the opposite bank. Father crossed over and we again drew the boat out, and went up the hill to see him. He was very glad to see father, as they were old friends. His name was William Robinson. He said that the police had evacuated Fort Carlton. Someone had accidentally kicked a lantern over and one building was in flames when the police left.

Saturate Flour

The Mounties had emptied out their bags of flour and saturated it with coal oil so the rebels could not use it. All supplies they could not take with them had been destroyed. He had gone over to the fort and had salvaged some of the best of the flour. Mr. Robinson gave us some bread that was made from this flour. We thanked him for it and again took to the boat.

As we drifted along, we ate our bread, but very soon discovered that in our weakened state, and after being so long without proper food, this bread made us very sick. At noon we noticed a woman on the bank and again father put the boat in to shore. Father got out and walked up to where the woman stood. He asked her if she could supply us with something to eat.

She said, "What is your name?" He said, "my name is Joe McKay. I have come from above Battleford with my family. We have been several days without food, and we have yet to reach Prince Albert."

"You are Joe McKay? You are the man who shot the Indian at Duck Lake?"

"He said, 'No, that must have been Joe McKay who is with the

Mounted Police."

The woman laughed, and said, "Don't you know the rebels are looking for you?" She then turned and walked up the bank. Father turned to us and said, "I think this woman is a rebel. We do not know who is at her house, and it will be safer to take to the boat again."

We soon passed Swain's house on the bank of the river, about six miles above Prince Albert. Some people were out in front and waved to us to come ashore, but we had met with so many disappointments that we decided to continue our journey.

The ice cakes were not floating so thick and it was with a feeling of relief and joy that we drew our boat out of the water for the last time on the south bank of the river, at the Roman Catholic Mission, which stood on the site where the convent of the Sisters of the Precious Blood now stands, at the corner of Fourth Avenue, and River Street, West.

We were received with kindness and hospitality and were given fresh clothing and food. As I left the mission that evening to go in search of my brother William Edward, who now resides at Meadow Lake, the first man I met was the late Bishop Maclean, first Bishop of Saskatchewan. He shook hands with me, and asked me regarding the other members of the family. He was very glad to see us all safe. Word had been brought to town of

our capture by the Indians and he feared for the worst. My uncle had taken my brother from the college, and when I found him at the home of Jerry McKay, he was chopping wood. He was overjoyed to see us, and it was not long before we were all reunited again.

A trip down the Saskatchewan river in the early days was a wonderful experience, but I would not like to repeat this trip again, unless it were summer, with plenty of food and warm clothing.

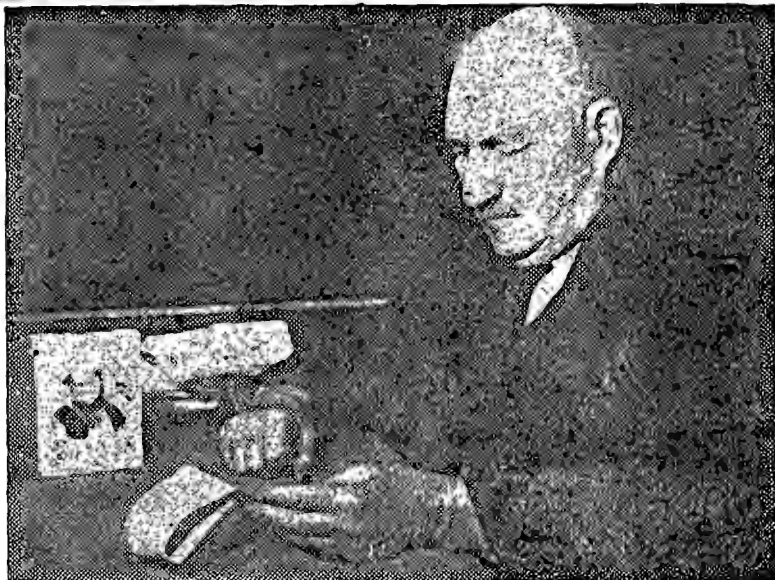
Our journey down the Saskatchewan in the spring of 1885 including the time we were held up by the big ice jam above Battleford took us twelve days, our only food being two scant meals of bannock, some hard grease intended for caulking the boat, spruce gum and some bread made from flour soaked in coal oil at Fort Carlton.

It is now fifty years since I made this trip, but the memory of it is as clear as though it happened yesterday.

Mother passed away in Prince Albert many years ago. Father passed away at Maple Creek in the employ of the R. N. W. M. P. My sister Maria is in Portland, Oregon. She paid me a visit ten years ago, and I met my brother two years ago when he visited Prince Albert for the first time in nearly forty years. I am now living with my husband, Joseph McKay, and granddaughter, at 1101 Eighteenth Street, West.

Riel Saved His Life Half Century Ago

Reprinted from Prince Albert Daily Herald, April 6, 1935.



Fifty years ago the life of H. E. Ross, 75-year-old barrister of Prince Albert, was spared by Louis Riel, leader in the short-lived North West Rebellion of 1885. Captured while scouting the day of the Duck Lake fight, Mr. Ross was permitted to assist in removing the bodies of loyalists from the field to an Indian hut after the engagement.

Excerpts from a letter written fifty years ago by H. E. Ross, barrister, relating his experiences while a prisoner of the rebels during the North West Rebellion of 1885, recall the events with freshness and vigor.

Mr. Ross, then a police scout, and John Astley, a surveyor, were captured on the morning of the Duck Lake fight, which took place March 26.

The story in Mr. Ross's own words follows:

"Astley and I rode along quite leisurely, chatting away. As we were going down a hill in sight of Duck Lake, I heard a sort of noise

behind, and looking round saw a band of about 20 half-breeds behind us, who had come out of some Indian houses about 100 yards to our right, headed by the notorious Gabriel Dumont. I struck Astley on the leg and said, 'The French are on us.' He put spurs to his horse and started at a run, but my horse got frightened and would not go, so I wheeled about to face the music. Gabriel rode to my left and called out, 'Surrender!' An Indian got off his horse on my right and seven galloped past me after Astley. Gabriel then took hold of my leg and said 'Dismount!' I refused. He then

fired and shot the horse behind the shoulder. I came off the horse pretty lively about this time, and Gabriel, looking me full in the face, said, 'Ha! Ross, Scout, ha!' Then he saw my revolver and made a grab to take it from me.

"The Indian on my right raised his gun and pointed it at me. I said to Gabriel, 'Hold on—I handle that revolver,' and at the same time got hold of Gabriel by the throat, intending to shoot the Indian, but just as I raised the pistol Astley galloped back, the gang still after him, and he told me to hand over the revolver, as we would get off all right. I did so, and both of us were taken into Duck Lake. Whilst going along I noticed that it would have been folly to have fired, as we were completely surrounded.

"The following day six other prisoners were brought over to Duck Lake from Batoche, and all were shut up in an upstairs room. At three o'clock the same afternoon the battle of Duck Lake was fought, almost in sight of our prison. We could hear the firing plainly, but a small hill prevented us from seeing the men. The fight lasted about half an hour, when the Indians came howling back and saying in Cree, 'We have killed nine volunteers and three policemen.' Old Gabriel Dumont, who got a bullet wound in the head in the first action, and was unconscious during the fight, said, 'Bring out the prisoners till I have my revenge.' The Indians took up his yell, and just about that time things looked very black for us.

"Riel, however, rode up, and after some talking and the interference of some sensible men, saved us. The police had retreated in such a hurry that the nine civilians were left on the field, and one wounded man Riel saved. He was shot through the leg, and an Indian was beating him on the head with his gun when he was rescued. Poor chap! He had his head badly cut, and two of his fingers broken.

"The next day Riel called to see us. I had seen him before lots of times, and knew him well. He said, 'How do you do, Mr. Ross? God has sent me to establish a new code of laws in the Northwest, and has placed you in my power. You shall not suffer, for I will give you the same position under the Provisional Government as you held under the Dominion.' I thanked

him, and suggested he might raise me to full sheriff. We asked him, then, what he would do to the dead, and if he would not allow some one from Prince Albert to come for them, and not to leave them at the mercy of the Indians and wild beasts. So after a good talk he agreed to let one of us prisoners, Sanderson, go to Carlton and tell the police to come for the dead. I then asked if we might go and carry the bodies off the field, and at last got permission to do so, with an Indian guard.

"Wm. Tomkins and myself carried the poor boys, friends that I have known here for the past five years, and we laid them side by side in one of the small Indian houses close by. Amongst the dead was my best friend, Wm. Elliot, one of our lawyers, and from him I have had nearly all of my living for the past year. He was the leading lawyer in the place, and a splendid fellow."

Battle of Batoche

Mr. Ross described the Battle of Batoche as he knew it as a prisoner in these words:

"On Friday morning Riel came into the building, and, opening the cellar-hatch, said: 'Astley! Astley! go up to Middleton's camp and tell the troops if they advance and kill any of our families, or shell the buildings, we will massacre you all in the cellar.'

"Astley started for the camp double quick, a few shots being fired from the left. He got through, however, delivered his message, and returned with Middleton's reply that he would not fire a shot if they would surrender. Riel and his Council took four hours to think the affair over, and finally agreed. Astley joined the General and told him all Riel said, but the reply was, 'He is too late; we are just going into action.'

"Astley then told him, 'They are all turned in their pits, watching your right division, and think you have no more men. Send your left division in skirmishing order round on the right, and they can get a good position unnoticed.'

"Then Astley wheeled, came back to Riel, and said, 'Middleton is stopping his men; go you and do the same. Riel was about crazy. Then Astley started back for the troops as they commenced the charge.

"His horse got two bullets and had to be left, but he ran along on foot between the two fires. The troops took him for a rebel, and the Halfbreeds fired at him. The

white flag was shot out of his hand, but he got there and followed the charge, telling the troops where we were, not to shell the building, but keep the bullets rattling round it. This they did, so it gave the rebels no chance to get at us, and they fled, leaving all behind.

"They were so surprised when they got a volley on their right from Middleton's left division that they made one unearthly yell, the Indians especially, and then another volley came, and then the troops chased them, yelling like the Indians, so we all thought our goose was cooked when on a sudden we heard the welcome bugle call to cease firing. We tried to burst open our prison, but the hatch was spiked down; then a dozen redcoats rushed into the building and dragged us up.

"We were hard-looking specimens—seven weeks prisoners—and for the last ten days we had not seen the light of day, and

each night at six our hands were tied behind our backs. At first, whilst the plunder lasted, they used us pretty well, but towards the last they were getting short themselves, and for the two weeks before we were rescued we had had twice a day a piece of boiled beef and a cup of water.

"It had been a mighty close call throughout, but we stuck out game to the last, and defied them in every way. After the battle of Fish Creek Astley and I helped at doctoring the wounded. We put on a professional air, washed their wounds, and gave them laudanum. One chap lived half an hour, another not quite so long; neither of them woke up again after their dose. We made a good job of a broken arm of a Cree Indian. The only thing wrong is that some way we got it crooked, and he will have to turn backwards to shake hands with his friends."

Reminiscences of Early Prince Albert

Reprinted from Prince Albert Daily Herald, April 15, 16 and 17, 1935.

READERS of The Herald have an unusual treat in store for them in the following article on the early history of Prince Albert and this portion of what was known as the North West Territories, written for The Herald by Dr. A. E. Porter, Prince Albert's first medical practitioner and the first doctor to locate in the territories for private practice. Dr. Porter writes of events leading up to his decision to locate in Prince Albert, and of his arrival in what was then a village where the city of 10,000 population now stands. He also recounts some of his interesting experiences as Prince Albert's first doctor as well as giving his version of the story of the rebellion of 1885, the fiftieth anniversary of which is being commemorated this year. Dr. Porter is now residing in Edmonton.

The article in addition to being intensely interesting constitutes a valuable historical document written by a man of insight and intelligence.

I will have to go back to 1876, when I practised for two years in my native province of Nova Scotia, before following the lure of the West. It will be remembered that the Turko-Russian war was in progress at that time, and, looking for pastures new and learning that Turkey needed surgeons, I prepared to go there.

Armed with letters of introduction to General Sir Fezwick Williams (the hero and defender of Kars) and other high officials of the Army and Navy Club, London, I was just on the eve of departure when the war terminated with great suddenness.

This left me, in the vernacular of our time, "all dressed up and nowhere to go." Like Alexander, I had to look for new fields of conquest, having won a bloodless victory in my first draw in the lottery of chance.

At this time I met Sir Charles Tupper, who, like Horace Greeley, advised me to go to our own great Canadian West and grow up with the country.

He informed me that the Canadian Pacific Railway would reach there in about three years. He had been there himself, had seen the possibilities of the country, and believed that within five years millions of settlers would have taken up land in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories. His opinion impressed me as a correct one, and

I decided to go. With that generous courtesy for which he was noted he gave me letters of introduction to Sir John Schultz, then the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Manitoba, also to Hon. John Norquay, and other prominent men of the West. The Hon. John Norquay was then Premier of Manitoba, and if behooves me to make special reference to him, for it is doubtful if a greater or more sterling type of patriot has graced the public life of Canada.

In the turbulent days of the second rebellion he was the one great Western Canadian who understood the grievances and wrongs of the Metis. He sympathized with them as the result of this understanding, and was the one man who might have handled the situation to the saving of many lives and vast sums of money, as well as preventing the bitterness engendered by the strife which resulted. I later met his son Alex, in Edmonton, where for many years he acted as Dominion Lands Agent, and I found that he inherited many of the fine qualities of his illustrious father.

Arrives at Fort Garry

But to proceed with my story. I had arrived at Fort Garry by way of St. Paul, Minn., to Brainerd, and then on to Fisher's Landing, and thence by river boat on the Red River to Fort Garry. At St. Paul I met Ignatius Donnelly, whom

many will remember as the author of "Caesar's Column," a forecast of world revolution. At Brainerd, called after the well-known missionary to the Indians, I set eyes on many Indians in war paint, and here my interest was aroused by learning of the Minnesota massacre, and seeing large numbers of the noble Sioux. On delivering my letters to the Hon. Mr. Norquay and Sir John Schultz I proceeded to garner together my first impressions of Winnipeg.

We hear of the sidewalks of New York, but the mud, mud, mud of Winnipeg would justify the raptures of any poet. News had been spread regarding the wonderful soil of the Red River, and what could be raised there. The first impression of the newcomer was that anything in Manitoba had to be raised. Still it was a wonderful black loam, capable of all that was said of it. The Hon. John Norquay introduced me to Mr. Chas. Mair of Prince Albert. The latter had just reached Winnipeg from the settlement on the banks of the Saskatchewan. He informed me that the district required a doctor, that a bonus of \$2,000 a year would be paid to the medical man who would go into the district for a period of three years, with any fees and charges which he might be able to obtain for his services.

Proposition Attractive One

I at first thought that Mr. Mair was the mayor of Prince Albert, and drawing the conclusion that a community with a mayor would be able to support a doctor, I decided to go. With the Canadian Pacific going through the district, the settlement resulting from that, and a bonus to be paid for three years, the proposition was an attractive one. I engaged passage with the "mayor" and found during my journey that my excellent travelling companion was actually Mr. Chas. Mair, brother-in-law of Lieutenant-Governor Sir John Schultz.

Winnipeg as I left it was a settlement hard to visualize in the light of its great development today, now a population of 220,000. There was the Ashdown hardware store, Bannatyne's store, the usual restaurants, hotels, and livery barns of the frontier town.

My trip to Prince Albert had several highlights of interest. The trip across the Great Salt Plain afforded me an idea of the immensity of the country. It was there that I saw my first herd of

buffalo. I had seen hides, heads are carcasses on the Red River banks, but here I saw the lordly bison grazing quietly on his feeding grounds. Mr. Mair pointed them to me with the words, "The last of the bison," "The last of the bison," repeating himself several times, and I am convinced that it was then that he caught the spirit so well expressed in his beautiful poem, "The Last of the Bison."

A few years ago, to digress, I saw him in Victoria, as far west as he could go in Canada, where he was seated in his home recalling the early days in Prince Albert, waiting to embark on that long voyage to the greater west "from whose bourne no traveller returns, and I feel sure from his talk that evening that it must have been his last request that his cremated ashes be scattered when the wind was in the direction of his beloved Prince Albert. He was one of our company of dreamers of years ago, who wrote "On to the Bay!" All of us at that time saw visions and dreamed dreams of the days when fleets of river boats would ply the Saskatchewan laden with the surplus wheat grown by the incoming settlers, which the Canadian Pacific would never be able to haul.

Approach Prince Albert

As Chas. Mair and I approached Prince Albert on a certain fine morning some time in the month of May, we looked down on the settlement from the top of the ridge where the old trail reached the escarpment. It was a lovely view.

I asked Mr. Mair how far distant was the town.

"There you are," he replied. I saw the old Presbyterian mission and a few scattered houses located along the river bank.

"So this is the town," I said; "but there is nobody here?"

"Oh, yes," he replied. "There are lots of people in the country."

I had certainly seen lots of territory on the trip, but no people, so naturally wondered how such as were in the country could ever pay two thousand a year guarantee to a doctor.

Well, I reasoned, the Canadian Pacific will soon be here, settlers will arrive, and I will probably see as many people as I had seen at Brainerd, Minnesota, through which thousands of settlers were pouring weekly.

There remained, too, this consoling thought before me: Lots of good timber along the river banks,

a great country to settle, a navigable river, and "On to the Bay!"

We did not know of The Paskimining district in those days, but we were convinced that great possibilities were bound to exist in the vast hinterland north of the settlement. These things have been realized since. Great rich mines have been opened up, the railway has been completed to Churchill, cargoes of high-grade grain have gone over the sea from the port to Liverpool, one press item, which I noticed setting forth that some delightful products of Scotland had arrived at the port to add revenue to the Western Provinces by way of the vendors' stores.

Saw Visions of Large City.

We saw visions of a population of 100,000 people at the site of the settlement, but we did not realize the many retarding factors that were later to appear. The first of these was a great disappointment. The route of Canadian Pacific was switched from the survey through Prince Albert, through the fertile belt and the Yellowhead pass, to a new route two hundred miles south of the settlement. This was a serious blow to the community. It was dismal news. But it was also a serious blow to the development of the West. The new route passed through much inferior territory, incapable of the intensive settlement of the line of northern survey. The reasons for the switch have never been disclosed. But to the minds of the pioneer settlers there was one reason that will always persist as being the prime reason. The country during and following the survey was full of carpet-baggers travelling with plows, and seeking to take up land that, by virtue of location, might be desirable as townsites. The land speculative fever had set in, and the railway was offsetting it by the policy of switching the line and securing the townsites for themselves. This was a serious blow to us.

Classed With \$2,000 Bonus

I had several interesting experiences in the early days of practising. One time for some medical service, an Indian was going to reward me by taking me to a place where "there were lots of gold."

I had been accustomed to do much riding, so agreed to be guided to the unknown Golconda by my copper-colored brother.

The Indian took me a considerable distance to a point not far from where Saskatoon now stands.

I was rather sceptical of the existence of the gold treasure. As we approached the point, a thunderstorm of considerable violence occurred. At this my Indian guide drew the natural deduction that his leading me to the treasure had angered the Great Manitou. On the pretext of seeking his horse he disappeared all day, returning late to inform me that the gold could not be found. So I classed the unlocated treasure with the \$2,000 bonus!

Established Drug Store

The first drug store of the town was a development that I undertook as it was in line with my profession. T. E. Jackson was the first pharmacist. I arranged for the construction. Being at the time the only independent physician in the Territories, the other doctors being either R.N.W.M.P. or Hudson's Bay, I had great need of the co-operation of a certified druggist.

The upper part of the drug store was occupied by the first Masonic Lodge west of the Manitoba boundary. The first grist mill of the Territories was begun about that time by Capt. Moore, who was afterwards joined by Macdowall. They sawed logs and looked after the flour supply of the settlement. John Mackenzie was the first miller, a capable Nova Scotian, hailing from my native province. Our Nova Scotia Bluenose clannishness caused a strong friendship to develop between us. There had been an effort of the Presbyterian mission along the lines of flour supply shortly before Capt. Moore developed his mill.

Thrown From Horse

In 1883 I was thrown from my horse and broke a few ribs. The horse had reared as I was putting it in the livery stable, and fell upon me. I was carried into T. O. Davis' store, where I lay for two or three weeks. I had to doctor myself on that occasion as medical attention by one of the profession to another would have been an unpardonable extravagance, where doctors were so scarce and the territory so expansive. Another horse had thrown me into a badger hole in a buffalo "wallow" some time before the accident recorded. Since then I have ridden little.

These instances show that medical practice in the Territories in those days was fraught with more risks and dangers than reward in currency. There was a courage and comradeship, however, that made

up for these handicaps. My memory goes back to many of the pioneers: W. J. Carter, James Peter Fraser, Justus Wilson, Chas. Mair, Richard Prichard, T. N. Campbell and others. The settlement was, as after events proved, located at the very danger point of the North-West in the event of any trouble originating with the halfbreed population.

The failure of the Canadian Pacific to link up with the settlement, surrounded by the Indian tribes and Metis, excluded it from its program of development. Numbers had come into the country following the Custer affray at the Little Big Horn and the Minnesota Massacre. Added to this there were many disturbing factors. The population was not due to receive any increase because of its isolation and two hundred miles distance from the railway. These matters and their relation to the possibility of coming trouble were understood by all.

The failure of the Federal Government to fulfil its promises following the first rebellion of 1871 caused a gradually growing dissatisfaction among the native halfbreed population.

The pioneers of the Prince Albert district, being much fewer in number than the halfbreeds, were in an isolated and dangerous position.

There was small element of fear among them. The danger to themselves was their least consideration.

The women and young children had to be taken into consideration, and the pioneers of that day would have seen no injury happen to them.

There was, however, the possibility of great loss of life, of wealth, and of the prestige of the Canadian government.

The tardy fulfilling of promises made over twelve years before was an act of criminal folly and negligence, inasmuch as those responsible for the failure were not likely themselves to suffer, being removed from the line of danger by 2,000 miles.

Situation Reached Climax

The situation reached its inevitable climax.

The storm broke.

In the darkening clouds of halfbreed dissatisfaction, their leaders still showed considerable forbearance. They asked the Hon. Lawrence Clarke, a one-time member of the N. W. T. Council, to proceed to Ottawa and make representa-

tions to the government on their behalf. The pioneers had previously petitioned the government, warning the authorities at Ottawa as to the dangers of the situation. Those of us who were not halfbreeds and who were responsible for the petition, instead of being listened to and thanked, were at once classed in the minds of the authorities as "white rebels." This unjust stigma was applied to and remained with those patriotic pioneers the lachets of whose shoes those originating it were unfit to unloose. This, too, added to the brewing trouble among the Indians and halfbreeds.

Brings Disheartening Message

The Hon. Lawrence Clarke brought back from Ottawa a most disheartening message. As chief factor for the Hudson's Bay post at Prince Albert he had naturally the confidence of the natives and halfbreeds who had traded for years with the great company.

The message of the Hon. Lawrence Clarke was that the petition of the natives would be answered by "bullets." One hundred of the newly formed Mounted Police, under Col. Irvine, was assigned to the task of this ill-advised response of meeting the petition by force instead of meeting these children of the plains in a fair spirit. It was the old scripturalism of the son of the Empire "asking for bread and being offered a stone." Louis Riel, to his credit be it said, sought to pacify the following, he had.

Edits "Voice of the People"

There were many men of sound education and patriotic idealism in the Territories at that time. Honore Jaxon (Henry Jackson) was one of these. He edited a paper which was called "The Voice of the People." The views of the paper were in line with the natural growth and progress of the settlers with due regard to the rights of the Indians and Metis. Unfortunately there were only three issues of the "Voice." (A copy is to be seen in the Prince Albert Historical Museum). Naturally there was the opposition of those who were the carpet-baggers and agents of the Government, who had developed that well-known and highly-developed doctrine of the Tammanyites of New York and the Caponites of Chicago. It is expressed in the terms, "What is there in it for us?" and, "What we are not in on we are against."

The West has suffered much

from such, as against the patriotic courage of such citizens as the Hon. John Norquay, Col. Walker of Calgary, and the fine type of leader who had actually to save the West for the present population. About Col. Walker I will have something to say when I touch on my friends in Calgary, among whom I am proud to number him.

Silenced "Voice of the People" ..

Jaxon set forth the situation in a spirit of fairness and tempered sense. But the forces of ignorance of a local situation were too strong for the forces of reason that were behind the first settlers' petition. They met moderation and fairness by buying the printer without whose aid the "Voice of the People" could not be published. Repression and suppression had won over fairness.

The trouble had passed from a small fire of dry sticks in a dry prairie grass to a conflagration that stopped the progress of development, and growth, for many years, bringing in the train of the second rebellion, broken homes and lives, blasted prospects, big national debt and railway deficits, and a slowing up of the growth of one of the finest territories that ever fell under the control of the English speaking race. Such a territory could have been developed with great fairness to a brave and native population and to the benefit of British and Canadian administration as a civilizing factor in world progress.

Lessons Being Lost Today

But to get on with my story. The lessons of the times, lost then, remind me of the great lessons being lost today as a result of the same type of ignorance.

Col. Irvine, who set out from Regina when informed that the trouble was coming to a head, switched his line of march from a direct one on Batoche or Duck Lake, each situated about fifty miles from Prince Albert and separated by a distance of twenty miles from one another. He proceeded to Prince Albert in order to avoid the superior numbers of the Indians and halfbreeds until he knew their munitionment and strength. Before he reached Prince Albert the police located at the settlement decided the situation was serious. Major Crozier had, before Col. Irvine's arrival from Humboldt, created a volunteer force on hearing of the seizure of Stohart and Eden's store at Duck Lake. The town of Prince Albert

was placed under what today would be called military law. Such points of vantage as offered good possibilities of resistance in the event of a raid from Duck Lake were occupied by the civilians with such assistance as the volunteers remaining in the town might be able to give.

Brilliant Specimens Killed

The balance of the fit fighting men moved towards the storm centre at Duck Lake. There the real battle of the second rebellion took place on March 26, 1885. At it there were killed some brilliant specimens of manhood who were prepared to shed their blood in any of the lands bordering the Seven Seas. There was one settler, the Hon. W. Napier, descended from the Lord Napier of Magdala, who surrendered his life just before being left a considerable fortune. But his bones rested in Canadian soil as a result of the punitive fighting to rectify the errors of some wrong-headed officials. S. C. Elliott, a son of Judge Elliott, of London, Ont., Captain John Morton, Bob Middleton were among those killed.

Wm. Drain, Thos. Sanderson of Carrot River (afterwards M.L.A.) and T. Eastwood Jackson brought back the dead bodies from Duck Lake.

It was a stirring foray, equal to anything recorded in the lines of Sir Walter Scott. But it is still enigmatic why Fort Carlton was destroyed and an indemnity paid.

Never Satisfactorily Explained

To get back to other matters, however: What Col. Irvine was doing with his hundred men has never been satisfactorily explained. The men were most efficient, forming a major part of the greatest quasi-police and military force in the world. It used to be declared that he was emulating the grand old Duke of York, who, with a certain number of men, marched them up the hill and then marched them down again. It is known and conceded that he reached the top of the ridge, and then returned to Prince Albert. Crozier, however, was an officer of considerable efficiency and showed that he possessed leadership, courage, and resource to do things. He afterwards proceeded to the Indian Territory in Oklahoma to organize for the United States a force similar to that of the N.W.M.P. in the Canadian West. He earned golden opinions from all who had anything

to do with his work in that territory.

Started By Stray Shot

The battle at Duck Lake, it has been averred by those best able to know, started as the result of a stray shot fired by a careless white. A stray shot at a time when negotiations are in order is likely to start any trouble.

Prince Albert Next Objective

Rumors were current that Fort Carlton, about 20 miles from Duck Lake, was to be taken by the Indians and Metis, after which Prince Albert would be their next objective. The Rev. Mr. McWilliams' brick house was requisitioned by the settlers as the strongest point of defence. Surrounded by a good stockade, although not designed for military purposes, it was the best place for the women and children, and all supplies, including flour, used for ramparts.

Some peculiar strategy was indulged in at this time. It has not been revealed what the actuating cause was, but the house of my friend W. J. Carter was blown up. It offered a good point for defence, and its destruction could serve very little purpose in the defence of the settlement, but rather the reverse. It would have afforded good shelter for any of the police or volunteers in meeting the approach of Riel's followers.

Remains One of Mysteries

Its destruction remains one of the mysteries of the incapacity of the time. Mr. Carter was later indemnified for its destruction.

About four days after the Duck Lake affray, my eldest daughter was born in Prince Albert, at a period of turmoil only equal to what I might have expected if I had succeeded in reaching the Russo-Turkish war front, about which I referred in the beginning of my reminiscences. It was a rather peculiar situation for the birth of one who was afterwards to light the life of my wife and myself.

My house was seized for defence purposes, my horses taken and a fine Mexican saddle appropriated. My grain and hay were also seized. I later put in a reasonable claim for my losses but this went the way of the bonus: "No white rebel need apply."

But these were conditions of the times, and against them we held no grudge or umbrage. We felt we were living in times beginning to call forth patriotism and love of country, and accepted them as a

soldier accepts his duty. It was the same spirit that manifested itself so well in the case of the western boys of the Great War.

There were many excellent types of Canadian citizens in Prince Albert in the late 80's. Inspector Perry, afterwards head of the Mounted Police, was there. Rev. Dr. Jardine, who had been a great educationalist in India, a man of keen perception and great vision, representing the Presbyterian Church, built the Nisbet Academy — the first High School in the West — in honor of the first Presbyterian missionary in the North West Territories.

My friend, Mr. Chas. Mair, Richard Pritchard, T. N. Campbell, Dr. Jardine, Inspector Perry and myself started the Saskatchewan Historical Society, after the pattern and nature of Bret Harte's well-known Stanislaus Society, commemorated in his humorous poem, but with more serious intent and effect.

It was the first historical society and museum in the Territories.

We gathered together many relics of invaluable historical interest, and other matters of great public worth. One of these was a kettle which we had good reason to believe had been used by La Verendrye in his early explorations in the West. This was obtained from a point that was known to be a camp at which he had rested in his journeyings. We had numbers of early documents, diaries and Indian curios of cunning and wonderful workmanship, showing the extent to which the Crees and Blackfeet had acquired the manual arts, and were using the material of the country to adorn and clothe themselves.

Good Opportunity to Acquire Relics

In my trips around and away from the settlement, I had good opportunity to acquire these relics. Sometimes they were the only reward that a physician would receive from a halfbreed patient or halfbreed husband for bringing another human being into the world. To me they were a great source of interest and the collection grew.

First Historical Museum Destroyed

The Hon. J. Royal, Lieut.-Governor of the Northwest Territories, was a visitor to the settlement

about that time, and it was arranged that a delegation should meet him to secure a grant for our historical society. To add to the interest of the occasion, we arranged that my collection should be placed in one of the rooms of the Nisbet Academy for inspection by His Honor on his arrival. It was an excellent exhibit and we were all proud of it.

His Honor promised to do all in his power to aid us. Our meeting with him was entirely satisfactory and seemingly successful and likely to yield the results we hoped for. But an unfortunate mishap occurred. The relics were left in the building and shortly after the Academy was destroyed by fire. A rare source of information and much valuable material touching on the history of the West was thus destroyed. To me, as to the whole settlement, it was an irreparable loss.

There were more than mere humorous lights to life at the settlement. A spirit of comradeship prevailed that conquered all troubles. An epidemic of influenza appeared in the winter of 1889-90, claiming a number of lives and I arrived at the conclusion that the advent of new products and new ways of the white population was making the life of the native more complex, and deteriorating his physical status. The epidemic was not similar to that of 1918-19, which followed the war. I wrote an article setting forth my belief that the source of the epidemic was tea, which was imported in considerable quantities. The article was published and republished in some of the press. The fact that the tea was imported by the same company as imported what I believed to be the best liquid form of cure was not overlooked by me.

Surgical Problems Introduced

The coming of modern machinery, too, was beginning to introduce surgical problems. I went 25 miles to amputate the crushed hand of a member of a threshing crew about this time. A call to Humboldt on a case of diphtheria took me that journey by buckboard. There was no "diph" epidemic there, as there was no one to infect. The infant case had died before my arrival.

I proceeded one fall to a point west of Carlton to attend a Methodist missionary on his way to

Edmonton. He had accidentally shot himself. After a long trip I found that he had been instantly killed. This was the first death I had met, the case occurring before the others that I have recounted. The people were amazingly healthy and robust, and few were sick except from causes being brought into the territory.

Felt Like Richest Man

Chief Belanger of Fort Cumberland requested me to go there to a tuberculosis case. The trip was undertaken by canoe, the return trip by York boat towed by Indians. A month was involved in the journey, for which I received a fee of one hundred dollars. I felt like the richest man in the territory when this vast sum was paid me.

After my experiences in Prince Albert, and finding many of my friends drifting away from the settlement, the ubiquitous and ever-prevailing office-seeker and newcomer arriving to crowd those who had stood the trials of early settlement, I decided to go West towards the Rockies. I started on my trek towards Calgary, feeling that the failure of Prince Albert to receive railway connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway was going to delay the progress of the town for years. My feeling was proven by later events. It was many years after that time that the Long Lake line reached the settlement, promoted by Col. Davidson as a colonization railway.

Going back on the years spent in Prince Albert, I may say that no period of a life well over the three score and ten has yielded to me such rich experiences, fraught with hardship and peril, it is true, but friendships that it is a reverent pleasure to recall in the case of those who have passed away, and comradeships that it is a pleasure to renew when such an opportunity occurs.

They recall to me Kipling's thoughts of the soldiers in India; entirely appropriate in the present case as a result of those who died at Duck Lake, whom I saw pass out:

"I have eaten your bread and salt;

I have drunk your water and wine;

The deaths that you died I have watched beside

And the lives that you liv-

ed were mine."

Prince Albert was the choice of men with real vision as a point of settlement. It was justified by every resource and beauty that makes a place of human residence worth while. Its future has only been temporarily retarded, but the

spirit of the first settlers is still alive as a motivating force. In closing I sincerely wish all her citizens a share in the prosperity which is bound to come when a sense of comradeship and fairness again actuate mankind.

Rebellion Crushed and Riel Hanged

Reprinted from Prince Albert Daily Herald, April 26, 1935.

This is the final article of the series dealing with events of the Rebellion of 1885, which has been published in conjunction with interviews with those now living in this city and vicinity who were here during the rebellion.

On March 22 Sir John A. Macdonald, prime minister of Canada, received a despatch announcing that the halfbreeds were in revolt, and General Fred Middleton left the next day for Winnipeg, where he arrived on March 27. Meanwhile instructions had been wired to Winnipeg to call out the 90th Infantry and the Winnipeg Field Battery, while Governor Dewdney at Regina sent the Mounted Police into action.

On March 26 a party of 120 men of the 90th left Winnipeg for Fort Qu'Appelle, and when Middleton arrived in Winnipeg the next day he pushed on with the remainder of the Winnipeg troops, arriving at Qu'Appelle station two days later.

Duck Lake Battle

By this time the battle of Duck Lake had been fought, and Middleton advised Ottawa that at least 2,000 men would be required.

Col. Osborne Smith's provisional battalion from Winnipeg was sent to Calgary to be on hand if the Alberta Indians joined in the rebellion, and Col. Otter to Swift Current, the jumping-off place for Battleford, in command of what was known as Battleford column.

Middleton's plan was to march up to Batoche, Louis Riel's headquarters on the South Saskatchewan, a short distance south of Duck Lake, and on the east bank of the river, making on his way, a junction with Otter's column at Clark's Crossing. After the junction the columns were to march on different sides of the river towards Batoche. Batoche taken, one column would proceed to Prince Albert and the other to Battleford.

Meanwhile the troops in Alberta

under Major General Strange were to proceed to Edmonton and from there down-river to relieve Fort Pitt. Big Bear's Indians were to be disposed of and a general clean-up effected throughout the northwest. In the meantime heavy reinforcements were being assembled in the eastern provinces.

5000 Men In Field

Nor were the western men slow to come forward. Five bodies of scouts were formed. Altogether, from first to last, there were about 5,000 men in the field, but when General Middleton began his march on Batoche from Qu'Appelle he had only 800 men. The day the column started for Batoche it was 10 degrees below zero and by next morning the thermometer had dropped to 23.

The original plan, which called for Otter and Middleton both marching on Batoche along different sides of the river, had to be abandoned. Battleford was so seriously menaced that Otter was ordered to march directly to its relief.

Relieved Dangerous Situation

The Battleford column made a forced march of 160 miles in five and a half days and relieved an intensely dangerous and trying situation. Settlers had been murdered by Indians, their houses burned and farms pillaged and the population had taken refuge in the Mounted Police barracks held by a small police detachment and two hastily organized companies of home guards, from the civilian population.

Middleton's force arrived at Clark's Crossing on the South Saskatchewan.

Here he had to divide his men into two columns, one under the command of Col. Montizambert, the role which was to have been assumed by Otter's column. With Col. Montizambert's column was Lord Melgund, later Earl of Minto, Governor-General of Canada and Viceroy of India.

Montizambert's force had to be ferried across the river, and this

occupied April 20 and 21. Middleton and Montizambert then advanced toward Batoche. Middleton's force proceeding along the east bank and Montizambert's along the west bank of the river.

Meets Rebel Force

On April 24 Middleton came into contact with the rebels at Fish Creek. This was a steep and winding ravine lying directly in Middleton's path and leading down to the river. Here Dumont and his associates had planned a surprise. It was not entirely successful, since Major Boulton's Scouts were feeling their way ahead of the advance guard. They informed Middleton that at the left of the trail they had come across a camping place, not long vacated, and with the fires still smouldering. From the campfires and other signs, it was thought that about 200 men had been encamped.

A few minutes after the warning was given, the skirmish began. Men in the advance guard of the 90th later declared that the first indication of the enemy's presence they had received was in seeing several scouts in front fall from their saddles under the deadly fire of the rebels, concealed in the bluffs.

Major Boulton's description of the early part of the battle follows: "I gave the command 'Left wheel, gallop' and we charged down upon 30 or 40 mounted men who were standing in the shelter of a bluff. When we came upon them they at once turned their horses and bolted for the ravine, about 150 yards distant, dismounting as they galloped.

Gave Orders To Men

"I instantly gave the word to my men, 'Halt, dismount! Extend in skirmishing order and lie down.' Simultaneously the enemy, who were in the ravine, and out of sight, opened a murderous fire upon us. I said, 'Fire away, boys, and lie close; never mind if you don't see anything, fire,' my object being to keep the enemy down in the gully and hold them in check until the support came up. The rebels would pop up from the ravine, take a snap shot and disappear in an instant.

"The General at once sent back Capt. Wise, A.D.C., to hurry up the main body, in which duty his horse was shot. We here sustained the whole of the enemy's fire, which was hot and unfortunately fatal. Several officers and men were badly wounded."

One Indian in full war paint came forward, dancing and shouting his war cry, apparently out of sheer bravado. He was immediately shot and fell in the open, where his body remained all day. The advance guard of the infantry came forward and was extended along to the right of the scouts, and when the main body arrived two additional companies were extended to the right. The firing line was pushed on to the edge of the bank of the creek.

To the right of the Canadian lines the rebels set fire to the prairie, and under cover of the smoke made a gallant attempt to dislodge the volunteers.

Stubborn Defence

In the meantime the left column on the other side of the river had heard the firing, and Lord Melgund with the Tenth Grenadiers, under Captain Mason, crossed the river and were extended along to the right centre.

General Middleton takes up the story from here: "A few dismounted artillerymen and some of the 90th advanced into the ravine at the bottom of which they were checked by the fire of the enemy, who, as usual, were invisible. Here they were joined by some more of the 90th, while at the same time another small party advanced in another direction in order to create a diversion. After making several gallant attempts, all had to retire with the loss of three men killed and five wounded. I refused to let them make a second attempt then, and took one gun supported by a part of C Company across the ravine to the left, to try to take the pits in reverse, but with no apparent effect, as one of the gunners was wounded, and Major Boulton, who accompanied us had his horse shot under him. I brought them back and contented myself with detailing a party, well under cover, to watch the place where the pits were. My gallant and ever-ready aide, Captain Wise, was now put hors-de-combat by a shot in the ankle, while trying to ascertain if the enemy had gone.

"By about 3 p.m., with the exception of an occasional shot from the pits, all the firing had ceased; the enemy had fled and the fight was virtually over. Capt. Mason, of the Tenth, and some officers and men were now anxious to again try and rush the rifle pits, but I did not think it advisable to risk losing more men. The tenants of the pit were evidently reduced to a small

number and could do little, if any damage. Moreover, I could not help having a feeling of admiration and respect for their stubborn defense when deserted by their comrades, so I refused and shortly after the fire ceased altogether."

Ten Men Killed Outright

In the Fish Creek engagement the Canadians had about 400 men engaged and the enemy sharpshooters were about 130. Middleton lost 10 men killed outright or died of wounds, and 40 were wounded, and he reported "the rebels had 11 killed or died of wounds and 18 wounded, besides three Indians left dead on the field." The rebels, however, claimed that only four half-breeds were killed.

Middleton remained a week awaiting the arrival of the steamer "Northcote," which was to convey the wounded to Saskatoon, but the steamer was delayed and the wounded were taken to Saskatoon in improvised ambulances, 42 miles under escort by Boulton's Scouts.

Unite For March on Batoche

Montizambert, crossed the river with his men, and the two columns united for the march toward Batoche. The force numbered 724 officers and men, and Dennis' Scouts, 50 in number, joined them en route.

Batoche was the headquarters of Riel and his council, and the heart of the rebellion. If it could be carried the rebels would have to acknowledge defeat, for with Prince Albert and Battleford safe from attack, they could hardly have hoped to form a new base, and would be in the open without a rallying point.

The rebels, during the first day's fighting, brought Middleton to a stand near the church, a short distance above Batoche, with two killed and ten wounded.

Fought Throughout Day

The next morning Middleton's men were under arms at dawn and fighting continued throughout the day, with the loss of one killed and five wounded. On the third day of the siege Middleton led a feigned attack from "La Belle Prairie," an open piece of level country to the east of the village. The movement withdrew the rebels from the main front and Col. Williams succeeded in carrying the Indians' position below the Batoche cemetery, a quarter of a mile south of the church. He

was not allowed to retain this position and the three days of desultory and fruitless fighting left the force in an extremely irritated state of mind. This same state of mind played a large part in the last final charge. Four wounded men comprised Middleton's casualty list the third day.

That night, according to Middleton's own statement in a letter to General Strange, he decided that it was time for a decisive attack. Next day's fighting opened with some vigorous firing at dawn.

Middleton conducted a feigned attack from the east with the idea that when his main force heard the firing they were to commence the attack on Batoche, when he would gallop back and take charge of the general assault, which was to be started under the command of Col. Van Straubenzle.

Had Not Heard Firing

When he did gallop back, he found that Van Straubenzle had not heard the firing owing to a high wind from the west, and that the troops were still in camp. While Middleton was having something to eat, Straubenzle moved forward toward the cemetery on the left, with orders to assume the position taken the day before by Col. Williams and to push on cautiously from that point.

Straubenzle started forward cautiously enough, but the nerves of the men were on edge from the three days' failure, and neither officers nor men were in the mood to be cautious.

Who gave the command to charge, or whether any such command was given, had never been decided, but the men by this time were in a mood in which restraint was no longer possible. The shouting of Williams' Midlanders as they came under fire was the signal for a spontaneous advance of the whole line.

When the Midlanders came under fire, Col. Williams shouted "Halt when I halt, and not before," and his men followed as if an electric spark had run along the lines.

Rifle Pits Carried

Without a moment's hesitation they dashed into the bush, and with a rush carried the rifle pits from which the enemy had harassed them. They swept the rebels before them down into a short valley dotted with bush into the

plain, extending for half a mile back from the river banks.

On one side of the plain the rebels had dug a long line of rifle pits, from which they opened fire as the troops advanced. Batoche stood in the centre of the plain.

Regarding the charge which captured Batoche and broke that rebellion, Col. Houghton, one of the officers there at the time, said that the Canadian officers charged on their own responsibility. He said, "Had they been unsuccessful, they would have been tried by court martial and shot, but being in close touch with their men and knowing their mettle, they drove the rebels from cover and broke the back of the rebellion."

When Batoche fell, Riel and most of the other leaders escaped. Riel asserted later that he could have escaped to the United States as did Gabriel Dumont, but preferred to give himself up immediately in the interests of his Metis followers. Numerous parties of mounted men were scouring the woods in search of the rebel leader, who was captured and brought to Middleton's tent on May 15, three days after that last heroic charge, by Tom Hourie, Wm. Diehl and Robert Armstrong, all of Prince Albert.

Riel was placed under a strong guard and then sent to Regina, where, after his trial, he was hanged, on November 16, 1885.

While Middleton's column had been recuperating after the Battle of Fish Creek, the general received news of an encounter between the forces of Col. Otter and the Indian chief, Poundmaker, at Cut Knife, about 38 miles west of Battleford.

Reaches Poundmaker's Reserve

It has been contended that Poundmaker's intentions were really peaceable, but that Otter mistrusted him, and feared Poundmaker's junction with Big Bear. With about 325 men, two 7-pounders and a Gatling gun, Col. Otter left Battleford on the night of May 1, reaching Poundmaker's reserve about daybreak.

Otter's advance guard crossed Cut Knife Creek and while advancing on the Indian encampment, were discovered by the Indians. Both the Indians and the Mounted Police made a race for Cut Knife; the police won and the Indians took cover

in the ravines, where they were invisible. Otter's forces were thus placed where they had to fight in the open against an invisible enemy, who was raking both flanks.

For five hours or more the police and volunteers lay in skirmishing order among the hills in the blazing sun, exposed to a hail of bullets from every side and rarely seeing an enemy. The guns had been brought into action but were practically useless.

According to Black's "History of the Province of Saskatchewan," the Indians might easily have turned the defeat into a terrible disaster if they had pursued the retreating forces and caught them in the woods.

Otter Lost Eight Men

"This the young men wanted to do," later declared Placuth, one of Poundmaker's lieutenants, "But Poundmaker held them back out of pity." Otter lost eight men as a result of the engagement, in addition to 14 wounded, while only five of Poundmaker's braves were killed during the action.

In the retreat the wounded men suffered dreadfully in the jolting wagons, and the men chafed bitterly under the sting of defeat as they rode into Battleford at 11 o'clock that night. In the preceding 30 hours, they had ridden 80 miles and fought a six-hour fight.

After this engagement, Poundmaker, who had sought to restrain his people from the warpath, could no longer resist the war spirit of his elated braves and his tribe from this time definitely to be reckoned among the number of rebels.

It was to crush the uprising in the northeastern area that Middleton and his troops travelled to Battleford. On May 23, one of Poundmaker's prisoners met the steamer in a small boat and delivered to Middleton a letter from Poundmaker, in which the great chief declared that he wished confirmation of the rumors of Riel's surrender at Batoche and to learn the terms of peace, which he asked in writing. Poundmaker stated in the letter that he had 21 prisoners, all of whom he had endeavored to treat well in every respect.

Big Bear Surrendered

Middleton replied that he had utterly crushed Riel and could do the same to Poundmaker and his

followers, and gave the chief and his councillors until May 26 to meet him at Battleford. On that day Poundmaker and his people came in to surrender, giving up their arms.

During this time the Alberta Field Force under Major-General Strange had been moving toward a meeting with Big Bear, in the Fort Pitt country, which they entered from the Alberta side. On his way to Fort Pitt, Strange crossed the site of the Frog Lake massacre and buried the victims. Leaving Fort Pitt on hearing word of Big Bear and his 197 lodges, Strange's forces met the Indians at Frenchman's Butte, where the Indians had constructed rifle pits. The Indians considerably outnumbered Strange's men. After engaging the enemy for a while, Strange fell back on Fort Pitt. This was the "Battle of Frenchman's Butte," in which after four hours' fighting no one was killed, although three men were wound-

ed.

Strange moved on to Frog Lake and left Steele's Scouts the task of following Big Bear through a difficult country, dotted with uncharted lakes and marshes.

Middleton, Otter and Irvine all had men scattered throughout the country in search of Big Bear and his Indians, and Strange marched after him into the Beaver River country.

Big Bear was not captured, but voluntarily surrendered at Fort Carlton, he and Poundmaker serving portions of penitentiary sentences. Both died soon after their release.

Wandering Spirit, who was held responsible for the Frog Lake massacre, when about to be arrested cried: "You want me, do you?"

"Yes, we want you," he was told.

"Then take me," he replied, plunging a knife through and through himself. He missed his heart and lived to be hanged.